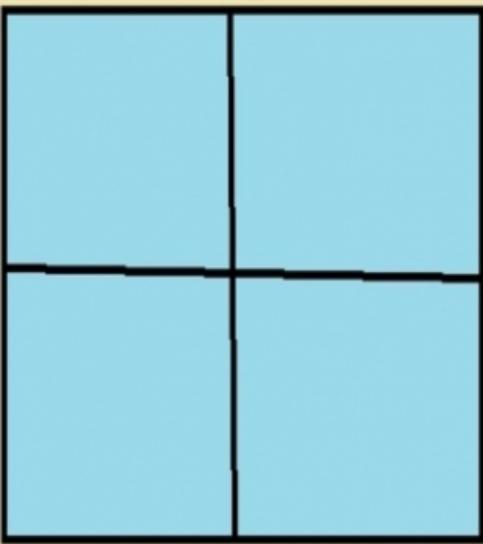
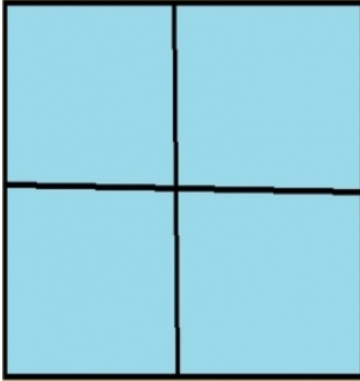


**GRANDMAMMA
KNEW WHAT SHE
WAS TALKING
ABOUT!”**



**By
Cecil
Ray
Harper**

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Cecil Ray Harper

Grandmama Knew What She Was Talking About!

**An outrageous, illegal, hilarious,
gospel comedy play.**

BookRix GmbH & Co. KG
80331 Munich

Story

“GRANDMAMMA KNEW WHAT SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT!”
An Outrageously Illegal African American Gospel Comedy!



Written By
CECIL RAY HARPER

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Dedication

First I would like to thank *my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ for the awesome price that was paid for my salvation! All things were created by Him and through Him all things exist!* The following pages of humor and wit, (I hope they are perceived as humor and wit?) are the sole product of the Holy Spirit! (Minus some of the character language!) I, as playwright, have been given the opportunity and privilege to only *'hold the pen.'*

To my son, *Joshua*, Watch what God does in your dad's life! Remember there is nothing in life that you cannot achieve or be if you work hard at it! Above all else...*YOU ARE GOING TO BE GREAT! (Keep God close to you!)*

Acknowledgements

Dr. Donna Cook, PhD: You were one of the first to see potential in me. You backed it up with deeds and not just words!

Deedy East: We've know each other for over 20 years. A dream deferred is not a dream abandoned! You go girl...you just go! Can you say; \$\$\$ CHAA CHING \$\$\$

Sue Diaz: A fellow writer and friend. You mean more to me than you will ever know!

Ricky, Daryl and David: My brothers. How rich can one man be?

Michelle and Christy Smith: You've seen the bad ... behold a little of the good!

Bishop Eric Sharpe: Your wisdom and godly words of encouragement are truly a blessing to me!

Mrs. Jennie Hamilton: Thanks for producing "The Power of the Tongue" in 2010!

Ms. Tanya Kersey: Knowing Ms. Kersey is moving in some pretty big Hollywood circles!

Mr. Michael Charter: Whom God touched to help produce this project to get on DVD!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Major

GRANDMAMMA:

African American female. Age range between 50 and 65 years. Feisty, opinionated, rambunctious. Broad range of comic ability. Physically fit. Religious. Lead role.

BUBBA BROWN:

African American male. Age between 30 and 45 years. High strung, conniving, manipulative. Runs the gamut between the dramatic and the comedic. Addict. Lead role.

T-BONE:

African American male. Age between 25 and 45 years. Bubba's best friend. The only one in Bubba's group who comes to his senses. Cool, calm and collected. Speaks with a clear conscience. And the voice of reason.

HAM HOCK:

Race Neutral: Age range 25 to 37 years. Flamboyant, outrageous, voice of reason.

PICKLE TIPS:

Race Neutral: Age between 18 and 30 years. This (Faux) brother is '*Out there!*' The youngest of the group. Provides most of the comic relief.

DR. CLAUDINE BODEEN:

African American Male: Flamboyant, part Billy Graham. Sincere. Strong comic relief. Head of the '*Royal Order of the Naked Moose Lodge.*'

REV. RUNAMUCK:

African American Male: Brother of Dr. Bodeen. Crazier than his brother. He is the pastor of a church but this shepherd has lost the common sense God gave man decades ago.

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT:

Race open. A sight to behold. Missing two front teeth. A 'Rock Star' and I don't mean rock and roll. Toe up from the floor up.

JUDGE BETTY MO:

Black Female: Can be cast race neutral with slight dialog modification. Known around the court house as Judge Betty 'No Mo!' Suffice it to say, the judge don't play! Needs broad comic ability.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY:

White Male preferably. Can be cast race neutral. Mid 30's to 50's. Articulate, passionate, opinionated. Atheist to the core!

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY:

Female: Race neutral. Broad age range. Strong comic ability! Professional appearance, but retains the child like nature inside of her.

CHARACTERS

Minor

BROTHER JOE:

African American male: Age between 18 and 46 years. Struggles with foot-n-mouth disease sexual addict strong comic flair needed.

BAILIFF:

Male race open. This role is primary one of response to the behavior of other principle characters.

SISTER TWO STEP:

Race open: Overzealous religious nut, age open.

BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD

Race open. Middle-age to senior citizen. Cantankerous old coot who wishes for youthful bygone days. Ready to fight at the drop of a hat!

Extras

Members of the jury

Members of the church

SCENE BREAK DOWN
(Props)

ACT I
Scene I
(Props)

Living room setting: An old beat up couch. A recliner. A TV. There is a lamp by the couch. An end table at the end of the couch. A beat up dining room table, with a tablecloth. A remote control for the TV. An old fashioned phone, with cord. Typical middle class setting.

ACT I
Scene II

(Props)

Church setting: A pulpit or podium for the minister. Between ten (10) to fifteen (15) chairs for the congregation. Two additional large chairs for the podium

ACT I

Scene III

(Props)

Living room setting: Same as in Act I. The emphasis is on the dining room table, which sits center stage. Four chairs around the table. A six-pack of beer. A bottle of Hennessy. Four cognac glasses. A pack of rolling papers. A black iron cast skillet. *Special effects: Make believe blood needs to be presented. It must '*gush*' out in abundance, as it represents a violent brutal heinous murder. It must be visible from the last row in the theater. This is crucial for the desired effect needed.

INTERMISSION

ACT II

Scenes I, II & III

(Props)

Courtroom setting: Judges bench, defense and prosecution tables. A pair of handcuffs. A pitcher and a gavel for the judges' bench. Two briefcases. A police or bailiff's uniform. Shackles. An orange prison jumpsuit. A large Bible. An old fashioned stock where three (3) heads can stick out. A bottle of pink pills (Midol.)

ACT III
Scene I
(Props)

News conference setting: A platform for the Press Spokesman. Several newspaper reporters. Writing tablets and pens for the reporters.

SCENE BREAK DOWN

ACT I
Scene I
(Synopsis)

As the curtain opens, we find Grandmamma sitting in the recliner. Her feet are propped up on the chair stool. She has a remote control in her hand. The voice of the game show '*The Price is Right.*' is heard coming through the TV set. Grandmamma is really into the game show. Just then the phone rings, it's Aunt Ethel. Later we are introduced to her grandson Bubba. The plot is set up in the first act.

ACT I
Scene II
(Synopsis)

As the curtains open for the start of the Scene II, we are treated to a rousing, soul stirring gospel rendition of a 'High Energy' song. (Something along the lines of Kurt Franklin's 'Revolution') (The whole second act is nothing but high energy!) The choir is caught up in the spirit. The congregation is all on their feet. Their hands and feet show the whole church is really into the music. . As the minister approaches the podium, we start the crazy and outrageous Scene II.

ACT I
Scene III
(Synopsis)

The curtain opens to the same setting as in the first act but in a different part of the house. The living room furnishings are placed in the background. We have Bubba on the phone, and the audience can hear his conversation. Later T-Bone shows up with a bunch of bibles and Bubba is fit to be tied. As Bubba assaults T-Bone Grandmamma walks in and pushes Bubba off of T-Bone. Scene III ends in the murder of Grandmamma by Bubba with a cast iron skillet.

End Scene III.

INTERMISSION
15 Minute respite
(Where food concessions and merchandise may be purchased)

ACT II
Scenes I, II, III
(Synopsis)

The curtain opens to what is now a courtroom setting. The judge is seated at the bench. Both prosecution and defense attorneys are in their respective places. We now see Bubba brought into the courtroom handcuffed and shackled. He can hardly walk, as his legs are constricted due to the tightness of his shackles. The chains make an obvious noise, as they follow Bubba across the floor wherever he goes. The bailiff escorts him into the courtroom until he reaches the defense attorney's table. Begin Scene II.

ACT III
Scene I
(Synopsis)

Bubba, having been found guilty of the crime of murder, is sentenced to death. Several reporters are gathered for a news conference. A spokeswoman for the Governor addresses the news reporters. End Recovery Version Production.

*(There is an additional epilogue scene which will not be released at this time. Once this project becomes on DVD format then we will offer the additional scene(s) as a 'bonus feature'

ACT I

SCENE: I

TIME: Early Sunday morning.

AT RISE: As the curtains open we find GRANDMAMMA sitting in the living room wearing her robe. She has curlers in her hair and a remote control in her hand. The television is on and GRANDMAMMA is watching the Price is Right. She is sitting on the edge of her chair about to have a nervous breakdown! We hear the voice of BOB BARKER coming from the TV. There is a cup of coffee and GRANDMAMMA takes a sip. Right after she takes a sip GRANDMAMMA spits out the coffee.

Begin dialogue:
GRANDMAMMA

(GRANDMAMMA spits out the coffee.)

OH LORD HAVE MERCY!

(GRANDMAMMA is talking to the TV.)

THIS FOOL IS GOING TO SPIN AGAIN! ... YOU - DON'T -
SPIN - AGAIN - ON THE PRICE IS RIGHT- WHEN - YOU - HAVE
- 95 - CENTS!

(Jumping out of the chair and still yelling as if someone is
there.)

"NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID! ... YA GOT A DIME! A
DOLLAR AND FIVE CENTS! "THAT'S IT! ... I CAN'T TAKE
ANYMORE!"

(GRANDMAMMA throws the remote control down. Just
then the phone rings.)

"HELLO ... ETHEL? ... YEA GIRL I SAW IT! ... SHE HAD 95
CENTS! ... 95 CENTS! ... AND SHE SPUN AGAIN! ... WHAT? ...
DO I HAVE AN EXTRA JAR OF MINT JELLY YOU CAN BORROW?
... NO I DON'T ETHEL ... WHAT?... CAN YOU BORROW A *LEG*
OF LAMB?... IT HAS TO BE AT LEAST 15 POUNDS? ... ETHEL I
DON'T HAVE NO MINT JELLY AND I SURE DON'T HAVE A
EXTRA 15 POUND LEG OF LAMB LYING AROUND THE
KITCHEN! ...WHY DON'T I LEARN TO TAKE A SHOPPING LIST
WITH ME WHEN I DO MY GROCERIES? ... I GOT - TA GO ...
BYE ETHEL!"

(GRANDMAMMA hangs up the phone. Just then, we hear
the sound of a toilet flushing off-stage. Soon after, we are
introduced to the second main character BUBBA who enters
stage right. There is a conspicuous trail of toilet paper stuck
to his shoe. BUBBA also has two pieces of toilet paper stuck
to his face.)

BUBBA

WHO WAS ON THE PHONE?

GRANDMAMMA

"OLE BEGGING."

BUBBA

ETHEL?

GRANDMAMMA

YEA! ... OLE BEGGING ETHEL! ... AND DO YOU KNOW
WHAT SHE WAS BEGGING FOR? ... A LEG OF LAMB! ...
A WHOLE LEG OF LAMB?"

BUBBA

"WAS THE LEG OF LAMB FOR HER GRANDMA?"

GRANDMAMMA

NO FOOL! ... IT'S PART OF OBAMA'S STIMULUS PACKAGE!

BUBBA

WOW! ANY PRESIDENT WHO PASSES OUT WHOLE LEGS
OF LAMB DESERVES TO BE REELECTED! ... I HEARD OF A
CHICKEN IN EVERY POT. ... BUT A LAMB IN EVERY OVEN? ...
HOT DAMN! ... NOW THAT'S A PRESIDENT!

GRANDMAMMA

BOY YOU DON'T HAVE THE SENSE GOD GAVE A HORSE
FLY!

BUBBA

GRANDMAMMA ... THAT'S A TRICK QUESTION! ... EVEN I KNOW THAT HORSES CAN'T FLY! ... EXCEPT THE HORSES IN HEAVEN.

GRANDMAMMA

WHAT?

BUBBA

(BUBBA delivers the following line with a straight face and a matter-of-fact voice.)

THE GOOD BOOK SAY'S THAT WHEN JESUS RETURNS FROM HEAVEN HE WILL BE RIDING ON A WHITE HORSE! ... SO IF THE HORSE IS IN THE AIR ... IT MUST BE A FLYING HORSE? ... UNLESS OF COURSE JESUS MAKES DIRT FROM HEAVEN TO EARTH ... YOU KNOW ... FOR THE HORSE TO RIDE ON ... WHAT DO YOU THINK GRANDMAMMA? ... WILL JESUS MAKE DIRT FROM HEAVEN TO EARTH? ... OR WILL HE USE GRASS INSTEAD? ... AND IF HE USES GRASS ... WILL JESUS USE REAL GRASS OR ARTIFICIAL TURF? ... I PERSONALLY THINK *JESUS* CAN GET A BETTER DEAL IF HE WERE TO USE ARTIFICIAL TURF? ... I'M SURE HOME DEPOT WOULD GIVE HIM A DISCOUNT BEING THE MESSIAH AND ALL? ... WHAT'D YOU THINK?

GRANDMAMMA

(GRANDMAMMA just stares at BUBBA with her mouth wide open for about a good ten (10) seconds.)

BUBBA

I KNEW IT! ... ARTIFICIAL TURF! ...DO YOU THINK JESUS WOULD QUALIFY FOR ANY FEDERAL STIMULUS MONEY?

GRANDMAMMA

(GRANDMAMMA shakes her head and goes over to the stereo. She plays a line from *'Yall Gonna Make Me Lose My Mind, Up In Here! Up In Here!'*)

BUBBA I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR FOOLISHNESS THIS MORNING! ... I'VE GOT TO GET READY FOR CHURCH!

(GRANDMAMMA exits the stage.)

BUBBA

(BUBBA watches GRANDMAMMA exit off stage and scratches his head in bewilderment. BUBBA then pulls out his cell phone and we hear the following conversation.)

"T-BONE? ... YEAH THIS IS BUBBA. ... LOOK, THE OLE BITTY WILL BE LEAVING FOR CHURCH SOON. ... ROUND UP, HAM-HOCK AND PICKLE TIPS. ... WE'LL HAVE THE HOUSE ALL TO OUR SELF'S. ... I'M PLAYING THIS OLD WOMAN LIKE SHE WAS BORN YESTERDAY! DON'T LOSE THAT MONEY I FRONTED YOU WITH! ... I

BUBBA

(Cont.)

COULD CARE LESS IF IT IS MY GRAND MAMMA'S RENT MONEY! ... JUST GET THE STUFF. ... GOTTA RUN, SHE'S

COMING BACK. ... PEACE OUT!"

GRANDMAMMA

(GRANDMAMMA enters back on stage. She has on her Sunday go-to-meeting clothes, big dressed up church hat and purse in hand.)

"BUBBA YOU SEEN MY BIBLE?"

BUBBA

"YEAH, IT'S IN MY ROOM. ... ONE OF THE LEGS ON MY DESK IS SHORTER THAN THE OTHERS. ... SO I USED THE BIBLE TO MAKE MY DESK BALANCE OUT EVEN."

GRANDMAMMA

(Frustrated and upset while voice rises.)

"BOY! ... YOU NEED *THE GOOD BOOK* TO BALANCE OUT YOUR LIFE! ... NOT YOUR DESK!"

BUBBA

"GRANDMAMMA DON'T START THAT PREACHING! ... MY LIFE IS JUST FINE THE WAY IT IS!"

GRANDMAMMA

(Yelling.)

"YA NEED JESUS THAT'S WHAT WRONG WITH YOU! ... YOU'RE TRYING TO FIND PEACE IN LIFE WITHOUT THE PRINCE OF PEACE! ... BUBBA YOU FOOL AROUND AND DIE

WITH OUT THE LORD ... BOY YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN A
WORLD OF HURT!"

BUBBA

(Defensive and yelling.)

"I DON'T NEED NO GOD TO SAVE ME! ... ME AND MY
SOUL ARE GOING TO BE JUST FINE! ... IF I DIE AND FIND
OUT I NEED JESUS ... I'M SURE HE'LL TURN UP! ... I'LL
SMOOTH THINGS OUT WITH HIM THEN!"

GRANDMAMMA

(Losing her mind.)

"JUST FINE HUH? ... OKAY. ... BUT DON'T SAY I DIDN'T TRY
AND WARN YOU!"

BUBBA

"GRANDMAMMA YOU REALLY NEED TO GET OFF THIS
GOD KICK! ... PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE IN GOD ARE
UNEDUCATED, NARROW MINDED AND OLD FASHIONED!"

GRANDMAMMA

"ON THE CONTRARY ... PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE IN JESUS
ARE HIP, SMART AND GOT IT GOING ON! ... HALLELUJAH!"

(GRANDMAMMA gets her shout on!)

BUBBA

"WHATEVER ... I'M A PLAYER ... AND PLAYERS DON'T
NEED NO GOD!"

GRANDMAMMA

"SO YOU'RE A PLAYER ... HUH?"

BUBBA

"FIRST CLASS ALL THE WAY B-A-B-Y!"

GRANDMAMMA

"FIRST OFF ... I'M NOT YOUR BABY ... I'M YOUR GRANDMOTHER! ... SECOND ... YOU NEED TO SEE IF YOU CAN PLAY YOURSELF INTO A JOB!"

BUBBA

"OH HERE WE GO AGAIN! ... IT'S THE SAME OLE THING ... FIND A JOB? ... GET A JOB? ... KEEP A JOB!"

GRANDMAMMA

(They are both in a yelling match.)

"YOU'D STILL BE WORKING IF YOU HADN'T DECIDED TO GET STONED IN THE BACKROOM INSTEAD OF HELPING THE CUSTOMERS!"

(Said very sarcastically.)

"WHAT YOU NEED TO DO ... '*PLAYER*' ... IS REST THAT BRAIN OF YOURS FROM ALL THAT DOPE AND ALCOHOL YOU

BEEN FOOLING WITH! ... THAT'S WHAT YOUR BLACK BEHIND NEEDS TO DO!"

BUBBA

(Stated in a matter-of-fact way.)

"I TOLD YOU GRANDMAMMA ... I DON'T GET HIGH ANYMORE! ... AND WHEN I USED TO GET HIGH ... I MADE SURE I TOOK GOOD CARE OF MY HEALTH ... THAT'S WHY I ONLY USED ... *ORGANIC DOPE!*"

GRANDMAMMA
"ORGANIC DOPE?"

BUBBA

"ORGANIC WEED! ... ORGANIC CRACK! ... ORGANIC HEROIN! ... HELL ... IT DOESN'T GET ANY HEALTHIER THAN THAT!"

GRANDMAMMA

(Throws her hands up in the air.)

"LORD HAVE MERCY! ...NOW / *KNOW* I'VE GOT TO GET TO CHURCH THIS MORNING!"

(She starts to exit the stage and turns around and speaks to BUBBA.)

"MAKE SURE YOU RESPECT MY HOUSE WHILE I'M GONE! ... YOU HEAR ME! ... OR THE ONLY ORGANIC CRACK YOU'RE GOING TO TASTE IS MY FOOT UP THE CRACK OF YOUR ORGANIC"...

BUBBA

(Cutting her off before she can get her last line out...)

"OH GRANDMAMMA!"

(GRANDMAMMA exits the stage while BUBBA looks on. He yells to her off stage)

"SO YOU'D RATHER I'D USE NON-ORGANIC DOPE?"

End ACT I

Scene I

Close curtains

ACT I

SCENE: II

TIME: Later that morning.

AT RISE: The curtains open to the setting of a lodge. The Royal Order of the Naked Moose. Standing behind the podium is the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Royal Order of the Naked Moose, His Eminence, DR. BODEEN. Who is totally flamboyant in character. Later GRANDMAMMA will make her entrance. We open to the close of a high energy song which was delivered by a visiting choir. Seated behind the Grand Exalted Ruler is visiting Pastor, REV. RUNAMUCK. DR. BODEEN'S brother.

Begin dialogue:

DR. BODEEN

(DR. BODEEN turns again to address the members in the lodge.)

"ALRIGHT! ... ALRIGHT! ... I'M FEELING MIGHTY GOOD THIS MORNING! ... IT'S TESTIMONY TIME! ... I WANT EVERYBODY HERE THIS MORNING TO COME CLEAN! FESS UP! ... FESS UP! TO ALL THE DIRT AND DAMAGE YOU'VE BEEN DOING IN YOUR HOMES! ... FESS UP ... TO ALL THE FILTH YOU'VE BEEN PERPETRATING IN THE COMMUNITY! ... FESS UP! ... AND I MEAN FESS UP NOW!"

(Turning to REV. RUNAMUCK, DR. BODEEN whispers...)

"THIS OUGHT TO BE GOOD!"

SIS. MICHELLE

(SISTER MICHELLE 'FREEDAME' SMITH jumps to her feet.)

"YA GOT A WITNESS RIGHT HERE OLE' GRAND EXALTED RULER!"

DR. BODEEN

"THANK YA SISTER MICHELLE! ... I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON YOU TO START THINGS OFF WITH A BANG!"

REV. RUNAMUCK

(REV. RUNAMUCK is so caught up that he jumps up and yells out...)

"THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE!"
SISTER TWO STEP

(SISTER TWO STEP rises to be heard, she struggles to get to her feet as she is advanced in years!)

DR. BODEEN

"AH YES! ... THE GREAT MOOSE RECOGNIZES SISTER TWO STEP!"

SISTER TWO STEP

"GOOD MORNING OH GREAT HEAD MOOSE! ... MAY ALL MOOSE ACHIEVE YOUR LEVEL OF ... *MOOSE-EM-DOM!*"

DR. BODEEN

"WHY THANK YOU! ... WHAT CAN I DO FOR ONE OF MY FAVORITE ... *MOOSE-ETTES?*"

SISTER TWO STEP

"I MAY NOT BE ONE OF YOUR FAVORITE ... *MOOSE-ETTES* ... AFTER I FINISH WHAT I'VE GOT TO SAY! ... I'VE GOT A BONE TO PICK THIS MORING!"

DR. BODEEN

"WITH ME?"
SISTER TWO STEP

"NO! ... WITH THAT BROTHER OF YOURS! ... REV. RUNAMUCK!"

DR. BODEEN

"I'M SURE THERE MUST BE SOME MISUNDERSTANDING?
... WHY DON'T I LET THE GOOD REVEREND SPEAK FOR
HIMSELF."

(DR. BODEEN whispers to his little brother...)

"YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN PAL."

REV. RUNAMUCK

(REV. RUNAMUCK rises somewhat sheepishly.)

"WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU TODAY SISTER TWO STEP?"

SISTER TWO STEP

"YOU CAN START BY TELLING ME WHY YOUR HEALING
CLOTH DIDN'T WORK?"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"HEALING CLOTH? ... HEALING CLOTH? ... I DON'T
REMEMBER ANY HEALING CLOTHS?"

(REV. RUNAMUCK wipes his forehead with his hanky.)

SISTER TWO STEP

(Said with force and attitude...)

"AH COME ON REV. ... *GET REAL!* ... ABOUT A MONTH
AGO I WAS LISTENING TO YOUR RADIO BROADCAST ON
STATION"...

(SISTER TWO STEP pronounces each letter of the word.)

"W.E.C.O.N. ... WE-CON ... THE GIVE IT UP NOW PROGRAM!"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"THAT'S RIGHT! ... WE BELIEVE EVERYONE SHOULD ... *GIVE IT UP! ... GIVE IT UP!* ... IN THE NAME OF THE LORD!

SISTER TWO STEP

"I *'GAVE IT UP ALRIGHT! ... TO THE TUNE OF ... TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! FOR ONE OF YOUR ... HEALING CLOTHS!*"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN. ... NONE OF OUR HEALING CLOTHS GO FOR TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS."

SISTER TWO STEP

"I CALLED YOUR RADIO STATION LAST WEEK AND ASKED IF THEY HAD ANY HEALING CLOTHS THAT COULD RAISE THE DEAD?"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"WHAT?"

SISTER TWO STEP

"A-N-D, WHOEVER ANSWERED THE PHONE WANTED TO KNOW HOW MUCH I WAS WILLING TO INVEST. ... SO WHEN I

SAID ... *TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!* ... THEY DROPPED THE PHONE AND WHEN THEY CAME BACK ON THEY TOLD ME THAT THEY DON'T HAVE ANY ... *RAISE THE DEAD HEALING CLOTHS BUT FOR ... TWENTY FIVE GRAND, THEY WOULD MAKE ONE ... AND SEND A SPECIAL PRAYER UP TO GOD!"*

REV. RUNAMUCK

"WHAT DID THEY ASK YOU NEXT?"

SISTER TWO STEP

"WOULD THAT BE CASH, CASHIER'S CHECK OR CREDIT CARD?"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"SISTER TWO STEP ... JUST WHO ARE YOU TRYING TO RAISE? ... YOUR DEAD HUSBAND?"

SISTER TWO STEP

"OH GOODNESS NO!

REV. RUNAMUCK

"THEN WHO?"

SISTER TWO STEP

"TWEEDY!"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"TWEEDY? ... WHAT'S A TWEEDY?"

SISTER TWO STEP

NOT A WHAT! ... A WHO?

REV. RUNAMUCK

OKAY.... WHO'S TWEEDY?

SISTER TWO STEP

MY BIRD!"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"YOU'RE BIRD?"

SISTER TWO STEP

"YES MY BIRD! ... HE'S NOT YOUR BIRD!

REV. RUNAMUCK

"I KNOW HE'S NOT MY BIRD!"

SISTER TWO STEP

"THEN WHY DID YOU ASK ME IF HE WAS ... MY... BIRD?"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"I DON'T KNOW?"

SISTER TWO STEP

"YOU DON'T KNOW IF YOU HAVE A BIRD OR NOT?"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"LADY I HAVE A DOG!"

SISTER TWO STEP

"GOT SOMETHING AGAINST BIRDS DO YA?"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"I DON'T HAVE A DAMN THING AGAINST BIRDS!"

(About to lose his mind.)

SISTER TWO STEP

THEN WHY DON'T YOU HAVE ONE?

RUNAMUCK

"FOR ALL I KNOW ... YOU'RE GIVING ME THE BIRD!"

SISTER TWO STEP

"I'M NOT ABOUT TO GIVE YOU MY BIRD! BUY YOUR OWN!"

REV. RUNAMUCK

(Yelling at the top of his lungs.)

"DAMIT! ... I DON'T WANT TO BUY A BIRD!"

SISTER TWO STEP

"NO! ... YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU MY BIRD FOR FREE!
... SORRY YOU CAN'T HAVE MY BIRD!"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"I DON'T WANT YOUR BIRD!"

SISTER TWO STEP

"OH! ... BECAUSE MY BIRDS DEAD ... HE'S NOT GOOD
ENOUGH FOR YOU?"

REV. RUNAMUCK
(In total shock.)

"YOUR BIRD'S DEAD?"

SISTER TWO STEP

(SISTER TWO STEP pulls out a dead bird and starts to
bang the dead bird on the seat in front of her.)

"DEADER THAN A REPUBLICAN COMPROMISE ON HEALTH
CARE!"

(More banging only harder.)

DR. BODEEN

(DR. BODEEN now gets up and joins the fracas.)

"JUST HOW LONG DID TWEEDY LIVE BEFORE HE AH PASSED ?"

SISTER TWO STEP

FIFTY YEARS!"

DR. BODEEN

FIFTY YEARS! ... THE SUCKER WAS BOUND TO CROAK SOMETIME!

SISTER TWO STEP

"I WAS TOLD THAT YOUR CLOTHS WOULD RAISE THE DEAD! ... INCLUDING TWEEDY!"

(SISTER TWO STEP still has the bird in her hand. She now removes the prayer cloth from her purse and puts it over the dead bird. Then as fast as she can she removes the cloth, she then tosses the bird into the air and yells out...)

"IN THE NAME OF JESUS.....FLY TWEEDY!"...

(She picks the bird up again and covers him again with the healing cloth removes the healing cloth as fast as she can and tosses him into the air again.)

"I SAID IN THE NAME OF JESUS ...FLY TWEEDY!"

(SISTER TWO STEP now addresses the people in the lodge...)

There is dead silence as SISTER TWO STEP is on the verge of a nervous

break down. SISTER TWO STEP now takes out a paddle and ties the bird to

the paddle. She is now playing bird paddle with the dead bird.)

"REV. RUNAMUCK THIS BIRD AIN'T FEELING NOTHING!"

(SISTER TWO STEP pulls out a portable drill and starts to drill a hole in TWEEDY'S head.)

REV. RUNAMUCK

"SISTER TWO STEP! THE BIRD LIVED FOR TWENTY FIVE YEARS! IT'S TIME YOU GAVE IT A REST"

SISTER TWO STEP

"I'M NOT GIVING UP ON THIS BIRD! ... AND FOR ... *TWENTY FIVE K OF MY HARD EARNED MONEY* ... THIS BASTARD IS *GOANNA FEEL SOMETHING!*"

(A couple of more bangs on the chair and when that doesn't work SISTER TWO STEP reaches into her purse and pulls out a .45 magnum and holds the gun on the bird.)

"*MAYBE IF I PUT A BULLET IN HIS ASS HE'LL FEEL THAT?*"

(SISTER TWO STEP gently lowers the gun to the birds, you know... Two security guards rush over to SISTER TWO STEP and escort her off stage. All along SHE is still crying.)

DR. BODEEN

(Standing up as he is totally shocked and yells out...)

"SISTER TWO STEP! ... GET A GRIP!"

(We hear a gunshot ring out.)

DR. BODEEN

"I THINK THAT'S A WRAP FOR SISTER TWO STEP AND TWEEDY!"

(The entire lodge cracks up!)

"MOVING RIGHT ALONG! ... AND LORD KNOWS WE NEED TO! ... I RECOGNIZE ONE OF YOUR MEMBERS REV. RUNAMUCK ... THE HIGHLY RESPECTED ... MS. BROWN! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND THIS MORNING DEAR?"

GRANDMAMMA

(GRANDMAMMA slowly rises to stand with the aid of her cane. She may move slowly but she carries an air of dignity about her!)

"NO NEED TO BE SO FORMAL! ... DISTINGUISHED LEADER OF MOOSE LODGE 6978 ... EVERYBODY HERE KNOWS ME ... JUST CALL ME GRANDMAMMA! ... GRANDMAMMA WILL DO JUST FINE!"

DR. BODEEN

"GRANDMAMMA WHAT'S TROUBLING YOUR HEART THIS MORNING?"

GRANDMAMMA

"WELL, I ALWAYS LIKE TO GIVE HONOR AND GLORY TO MY LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST! ... WHO IS THE HEAD OF MY LIFE! ... MY PASTOR AND FELLOW FRIENDS ... I STAND HERE TODAY BECAUSE I'M TROUBLED BY THE ACTIONS OF

MY GRANDSON! ... NOW YOU ALL ARE AWARE OF HIS TROUBLED BACKGROUND."

REV. RUNAMUCK

(Lifting halfway from his seat.)

"GRANDMAMMA THE WHOLE COMMUNITY IS AWARE THAT BUBBA HAS SOME ... '*SERIOUS ISSUES*' ... THAT HE'S DEALING WITH!"

GRANDMAMMA

"I'M AT MY WITS END! ... BUBBA IS DRINKING! ... HE DRINKS 24/7. ... I THINK HE'S ON DRUGS TOO! NOW THINGS ARE COMING UP MISSING AROUND THE HOUSE. ... MY RARE MUSIC COLLECTION IS DISAPPEARING!

REV. RUNAMUCK

GET OUT OF HERE!

GRANDMAMMA

I KID YOU NOT! ... I CAN'T FIND ANY OF MY JAMES CLEAVAND NOR MY KURT FRANKLIN!

DR. BODEEN

JAMES CLEAVAND AND KURT FRANKLIN?

GRANDMAMMA

ALL MY JAMES BROWN IS GONE!

REV. RUNAMUCK

THE GOD-FATHER-OF-SOUL?

(There are sounds of shock throughout the congregation)

CAN'T FIND MY BB KING EITHER!

VOICE IN CONGREGATION

NOT BB!

GRANDMAMMA

IT GET'S WORSE.....

GRANDMAMMA

I THINK THE BOY'S GOT MY PARLIAMENT FUNKADELIC 5
DISK SET.....

REV. RUNAMUCK

NOT THE P-FUNK?

GRANDMAMMA

THE P-FUNK!
DR. BODEEN

SOMEBODY TURN THE FLASHLIGHT ON HIM!

GRANDMAMMA



OH DA BA DEE... OH DA BA....DA BA DA....

DR. BODEEN

OH FUNK ME!

(There are "Amen's" throughout the lodge.)

GRANDMAMMA

AND IF MY WILLIE NELSON COMES UP MISSING! ... BUBBA
WILL FIND HIS BEHIND ... *'ON THE ROAD AGAIN!'* ...
KNOCKED FLAT OUT! ... ON THE ROAD AGAIN!"

(GRANDMAMMA holds her cane up.)

"I WISH EVERYBODY GOD'S SPEED!"

DR. BODEEN

"GRANDMAMMA, YOU ARE FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS AND
PRAYERS!"

AUTHORS NOTE: In the censored version the second act
ends here and the following

end of the II Act is omitted. (Pgs. 27 thru 43) although in the opinion

of this playwright the end of the II Act is some real funny stuff and

will help make this play a '*National Phenomenon!*'

BROTHER JOE

(BROTHER JOE rises somewhat sheepishly. There is still a lot on buzz in the lodge regarding the addiction problems that were just brought to light by GRANDMAMMA and

SISTER CHRISTY LOVE. BROTHER JOE tries to get everybody's attention. His "excuse me's" get progressively louder until he is practically screaming for attention!)

"EXCUSE ME. ... EXCUSE ME."

"EXCUSE ME!"

(The lodge settles down and DR. BODEEN speaks...)

DR. BODEEN

"YES BROTHER. JOE ... WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?"

BROTHER JOE

"GREAT EXALTED RULER! ... YOUR LEVEL OF NAKED MOOSE WISDOM IS LEGENDARY! ... WE ALL KNOW YOU'VE GOT THE BIGGEST ANTLERS IN TOWN!"

MEXICAN LODGE MEMBER

(Heavy Mexican accent, this guy stands to his feet.)

"DOWN IN THE BARRIO WE CALL THEM ... CHEE-CHONAS! ... S. A.!"

BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD

"DOWN AT THE IMMIGRATION OFFICE WE CALL IT BORDER PATROL ... CAN YOU SAY ... BORDER PATROL? ... NOW SIT DOWN!"

(Mock Mexican accent.)

" S. A.?"

MEXICAN LODGE MEMBER

"THAT'S ALRIGHT *HOMES!* ... COME RE-ELECTION ...
OBAMA'S GOING TO NEED THE BROWN VOTES! ... YOU
SHOULD SHOW A LITTLE RESPECT"

BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD

(BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD has just turned Mexican.)

"COME ON VAT-O? ... WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER!"

MEXICAN LODGE MEMBER

"IT'S ALL GOOD HOMES!

(Both men pause for a moment, strike a pose together
and blurt out in MEXICAN slang.)

BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD AND MEXICAN LODGE MEMBER
IN UNISON

"EEEE- HOOOO-LAY!"

DR. BODEEN

"IF YOU TWO ARE THROUGH WITH YOUR ... *POLITICAL
ANNOUNCEMENTS?*"

BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD AND MEXICAN LODGE MEMBER

(Still standing they resume their pose and again shout out.)

"EEEE – HOOOO – LAY!"

DR. BODEEN

(Upset.)

"ALRIGHT! ... ONE MORE"

(Uses Mexican accent.)

"EEEE – HOOOO – LAY FRITO – LAY ... OR ANY OTHER ... 'LAY!' AND YOU TWO ARE GOING TO HAVE YOUR ANTLERS REVOKED!"

(Both men sit down.)

"IF YOU DON'T MIND ... WE HAVE A YOUNG MAN HERE WHO HAS SOMETHING HE WISHES TO GET OFF OF HIS CHEST! ... AS *EN VOGUE* USED TO SAY:

"FREE YOUR MIND!"

(queue music ... We will seek, if we can, to get permission to use the song by En Vogue *"Free Your Mind!"* A personal appearance would be better!)

Cue Song:

"Free your mind.....

I wear tight clothing, high heel shoes.....

It doesn't mean that I'm a prostitute? (no, no, no)

I like rap music, wear hip hop clothes

That doesn't mean that I'm out selling' dope? (no, no, no)

(The whole lodge is caught up in the song and everyone starts to dance.)

*Oh my, forgive me for having straight hair
It doesn't mean there's another blood in my heirs
I might date another race or color
It doesn't mean I don't like my strong black brother!*

*(Oh, oh, oh, oh)
Why, oh why must it be this way?
(Oh, oh, oh, oh)
Before you can read me you got to learn how to see me!*

DR. BODEEN

"I SAID"
(Resume song.)

Free your mind and the rest will follow

Be color blind, don't be so shallow

*Free your mind and the rest will follow
Be color blind, don't be so shallow*

*Free your mind and the rest will follow
Be color blind, don't be so shallow
Free your mind and the rest will follow
Be color blind, don't be so shallow.....*

(End song.)

BROTHER JOE

(BROTHER JOE is all excited and still feeling the funky groove of the hit song. His excitement comes through in the

ensuing dialogue.)

"I WANT EVERYBODY HERE TO KNOW THAT I WANT TO
FREE MY MIND!"

SISTER MICHELLE 'FREEDAME' SMITH

"FREE IT BABY! ... JUST LET THAT SUCKER FLY!"

(Now the whole lodge is all excited and there are sounds
of agreement such as ... *'Let it out son! ... Free Your Mind
Child ... Get down with the real nitty gritty, etc.'*)

BROTHER JOE

(BROTHER JOE has now taken over the lodge as he is
prancing and walking around as he is talking like a proud
peacock.)

"IT'S TIME I ... *GET REAL!*"

ENTIRE LODGE IN UNISON

(Yelling! As everybody is now standing to their feet.)

"*GET REAL!*"

BROTHER JOE

"IT'S TIME I ... *BRING IT!*"

ENTIRE LODGE IN UNISON

"*BRING IT!*"

BROTHER JOE

IT'S TIME I COME WITH ... *IT!*

ENTIRE LODGE IN UNISON

"*COME WITH IT!*"

(Someone shouts ... "*COME WITH IT BABY!*")
BROTHER JOE

"IT'S TIME I ... *GET IT ON!*"

ENTIRE LODGE IN UNISON

"*GET IT ON!*"
BROTHER JOE

"I GOT A DRUG AND ALCOHOL PROBLEM TOO Y'ALL JUST
LIKE BUBBA! ... ARE YA'LL STILL WITH ME?"

(BROTHER JOE is still all excited and starts to look
around. The rest of the LODGE MEMBERS are frozen in
silence with their mouths wide open. After a brief pause, one
of the members says...)

LODGE MEMBER

"SORRY SON! ... YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!"

BROTHER JOE

(Shocked and bewildered. BROTHER JOE turns to address
DR. BODEEN who is still standing behind the rostrum.)

"WHAT? ... WHAT JUST HAPPENED?"

DR. BODEEN

"DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE CROWD! ... YOU JUST HONOR
THAT GREAT MOOSE IN THE SKY."

REV. RUNAMUCK

"YOU MEAN GOD?"

DR. BODEEN

"NO OUR LANDLORD! ... HE'S IN THAT HIGH RISE OVER
ON 6TH AND LEXTON ... THAT MOOSE HOLDS THE DEED TO
THIS LODGE!"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"OH!"

BROTHER JOE

"BUT I PUT DOWN DEMON WEED! ... OH I DON'T THINK
YALL HEARD ME? ... I SAID I FINALLY PUT DOWN DEMON
WEED!"

SISTER CHRISTY LOVE

(Standing to her feet.)

"WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU PUT DOWN DEMON
WEED?"

BROTHER JOE

"I STARTED DATING HIS COUSIN COCAINE!"

(SISTER. CHRISTY LOVE faints and several of the men rush over to fan her.)

DR. BODEEN

"HELP HIM LORD!"

(Security rushes over to escort the BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD back to his seat.)

BROTHER JOE

"I WANT MY FELLOW MOOSE AND MOOSE-ETTES TO KNOW THAT I KICKED DRUGS FOR GOOD!"

ENTIRE LODGE

"YEAHHHH!"

BROTHER JOE

"QUIT DRINKING TOO!"

ENTIRE LODGE

(ENTIRE LODGE just bursts out in uncontrollable applause.)

"YEAHHHH!"

BROTHER JOE

"I WANT EVERYONE HERE TO KNOW THAT I'M THROUGH GETTING DRUNK OR HIGH!"

ENTIRE LODGE

"ALRIGHT BROTHER!"
BROTHER JOE

"I'M A CHANGED MAN!"

SISTER CHRISTY LOVE

(Standing to her feet.)

"A CHANGED MAN!"

BROTHER JOE

"I'M GOING TO HAVE A NEW WALK!"

ENTIRE LODGE

"NEW WALK!"

BROTHER JOE

"I'M GOING TO HAVE A NEW TALK!"

ENTIRE LODGE

"NEW TALK!"

BROTHER JOE

"DOWN WITH THE WEED!"

ENTIRE LODGE

(The excitement and volume of the lodge members is growing phrase by phrase!)

"DOWN WITH THE WEED!"

BROTHER JOE

"DOWN WITH COUSIN CRACK!"

ENTIRE LODGE

"DOWN WITH COUSIN CRACK!"

BROTHER JOE

(Said somewhat sheepishly.)

"BUT A STRANGE THING HAPPENED WHEN I PUT DOWN
... COUSIN CRACK?"

SISTER MICHELLE 'FREEDAME SMITH

"WHAT HAPPENED SON WHEN YOU PUT DOWN COUSIN
CRACK?"

BROTHER JOE

"I PICKED UP HIS BROTHER ... *LUST!*"

SISTER MICHELLE FREEDAME SMITH

(SISTER MICHELLE faints again)

REV. RUNAMUCK

"DAMN BOY! ... JUST HOW MANY PROBLEMS YOU GOT?"

BROTHER JOE

"I ... I ... I'M EMBARRASSED! ... I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I
CAN GO ON?"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"DON'T STOP NOW! ... YOU'VE COME THIS FAR

BROTHER JOE

"I SLEPT WITH THE MOOSE LODGE'S' RECORDING
SECRETARY! ... SIS YOUNGBLOOD!

REV. RUNAMUCK

YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT THAT ONE TO YOURSELF!

BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD

"SISTER YOUNGBLOOD? ... SISTER YOUNGBLOOD? ...
HELL THAT'S MY WIFE!"

BROTHER JOE

OOPS?

BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD

OOPS? ... OOPS?

(Standing to his feet BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD reaches into his pocket and pulls out a switch blade.)

"*MOTHER-&*%\$#@! ... DON'T YOU KNOW THAT I WILL CUT YOU!*"

(At this point there is total bedlam in the lodge. Two men restrain

BRO. YOUNGBLOOD. REV. RUNAMUCK tries to regain control as he yells.)

REV. RUNAMUCK

"ALRIGHT! ... EVERYBODY CALM DOWN! ... E-V-E-R-Y-B-O-D-Y JUST CALM DOWN! ...! ... AND ANOTHER THANG ... NOBODY WILL BE CUTTING ANYBODY! ... NOT TODAY! ... NOT TOMORROW! ... NOT NEXT WEEK! ... NOW BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD ... FOR YOUR INFORMATION ... BROTHER JOE IS NOT A ... MOTHER ... YOU KNOW! ... *WHATEVER YOU SAID?* ... FRANKLY I'M SHOCKED AT THE LEVEL OF VULGARITY AND THREATS OF VIOLENCE YOU HAVE EXHIBITED THIS AFTERNOON! ...DON'T YOU KNOW THAT BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD ... IS AT HIS ... *SEXUAL PEAK!* ... YOUR *OLD ASS* DOES REMEMBER WHAT A ... *SEXUAL PEAK IS* ... RIGHT?

(REV. RUNAMUCK pounds his fist on the podium!)

NOW I WANT US ALL TO HEAR THE BOY OUT! ... "HAVE I MADE MYSELF CLEAR?"

BRO. YOUNGBLOOD

(This time the lodge responds in an affirmative answer.)

"YES!"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"GOOD! ... AND ANOTHER THANG! IF THE TRUTH BE TOLD ... I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF HALF OF SAN DIEGO* WAS FREAKING WITH SISTER YOUNGBLOOD! ... HELL I COULD HAVE HIT THAT IF I WANTED TOO!" (*Depending on the city that the play runs will be the one used)

DR. BODEEN

(DR. BODEEN gives REV. RUNAMUCK the high five!)

"I KNOW THAT'S RIGHT!"

REV RUNAMUCK

"I WANT YOU ALL TO REMEMBER THAT BROTHER JOE IS A YOUNG MAN! ... A YOUNG MAN! ... WHO IS AT HIS SEXUAL PEAK! AS REV. AL GREEN PUT "LOVE WILL MAKE YOU DO RIGHT AND MAKE YOU DO WRONG! ... LOVE WILL MAKE YOU STAY OUT ... ALL NIGHT LONG!"

(There are shouts of "Amen's" from the Lodge. Turning to BROTHER JOE...)

"BROTHER JOE I DON'T CARE WHAT SECRETS YOU DIVULGE HERE TODAY! ... I GOT YOUR BACK"

BROTHER JOE

(Very sheepishly.)

"YOU GOT MY BACK?"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"I GOT YOUR BACK!"

BROTHER JOE

"NO MATTER WHAT I SHARE?"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"NO MATER WHAT YOU SHARE!"

BROTHER JOE

"I ... I... I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE DREAM I HAD LAST NIGHT!"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"COME ON SON! ... DON'T BE SHY! ... WE ALL WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR DREAM?"

BROTHER JOE

(BROTHER JOE starts to stutter.)

"YOU ALL WANT ME TO SHARE. SHARE MY DREAM?"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"I CAN TELL YOU NEED A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT!"

(Speaking to the rest of the lodge members.)

"FELLOW MOOSES AND MOOSE-ETTES! ... DO WE OR DO WE NOT WANT TO HEAR BROTHER JOE'S DREAM LAST NIGHT?"

SISTER CHRISTY LOVE

(SISTER CHRISTY LOVE stands to her feet.)

"WE WANT THE GOOD BROTHER TO BARE HIS SOUL AND
TELL US ABOUT THE DREAM!"

REV. RUNAMUCK

(All excited!)

"AH! ... THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT SISTER LOVE!
... I CAN FEEL THE LOVE AND SUPPORT IN THE BUILDING!"

(The entire lodge comes alive with shouts of affirmation
and encouragement such as; *'GO AHEAD BOY!'* ... *GET IT
OFF YOUR CHEST!* ... *TELL THE TRUTH AND SHAME THE
DEVIL!, ETC.*)

BROTHER JOE

(BROTHER JOE now senses the love and support.)

"YEAH! ... YOU'RE RIGHT! ... I ... I ... I CAN FEEL IT TOO!
... EVERYBODY *IS* BEHIND ME!"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE AT SON?"

BROTHER JOE

(Brimming with confidence!)

"I'M IN THE HOUSE OF THE ... *NAKED MOOSE.*"

(Everybody in the lodge is really starting to get behind BROTHER. JOE.)

REV. RUNAMUCK

"THAT'S RIGHT! ... AND WHY ARE WE CALLED ... *'THE NAKED MOOSE?'*"

BROTHER JOE

"BECAUSE WE GET RAW WITH IT!"

GRANDMAMMA

(Even GRANDMAMMA is caught up in the excitement and rises to her feet!)

"COME ON CHILD! ... GET ... *'RAW'* ... WITH IT FOR GRANDMAMMA!"

BROTHER JOE

"AH YOU DONE WENT AND DONE IT NOW! ... I GOT ... *'GRANDMAMMA'*

BEHIND ME! ... I'S GOTS TO TELL EVERYBODY MY DREAM NOW!"

DR. BODEEN

(Stands to his feet!)

"TELL US THE DREAM! ... *TELL US ALL* ... ABOUT ... *THE DREAM!*"

BROTHER JOE

(By this time the entire lodge is now standing on its feet and there is electricity in the air!)

"WE ALL DON'T DREAM THE SAME THING! ... AM I RIGHT ABOUT IT?"

ENTIRE LODGE

"YOU' SU-NUFF RIGHT ABOUT IT!"

BROTHER JOE

(BROTHER JOE starts to preach in the typical black style with the call and response.)

"DR. KING HAD A DREAM!"

MEXICAN LODGE MEMBER

"YES HE DID! VIVA LA DR. KING!"

BROTHER JOE

"ALRIGHT MY MEXICAN BROTHER! ... I'M HERE TODAY ... NOT TO TALK ABOUT DR. KING'S DREAM! ... I'M HERE NOT TO TALK ABOUT DR. BODEEN'S DREAM! ... I'M NOT EVEN HERE TODAY TO TALK ABOUT ... *GRANDMAMMA'S DREAM* ... CAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE DREAMT LAST NIGHT? ... AHFFF ... CAN I GET A WITNESS?"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"YA GOT A WITNESS RIGHT HERE!"

SISTER CHRISTY LOVE

"OH THE BOY IS PREACHING! ... COME ON SON AND TELL US YOUR DREAM!"

GRANDMAMMA

"I BELIEVE HE'S GOT A ... *CALLING* ... ON HIS LIFE!"

BROTHER JOE

"I I I ... SAID ... I ... I ... I.. HAVE A FEELING THAT GRANDMAMMA IS RIGHT! ... I ... I ... I KNOW THAT SOMETHING WONDERFUL IS HAPPENING TO MY SOUL! ... I FEEL SOMETHING DEEP DOWN ... DEEP! I SAID."

(BROTHER JOE'S voice goes real deep...)

"*'DEEPPPP!*"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"TELL US THE DREAM!"

BROTHER JOE

(Moving up and down the stage like he has just lost his mind.)

"DO YOU WANT TO HEAR THE DREAM ... *THE DREAM!*"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"WE WANT TO HEAR THE DREAM!"

(The entire lodge is in bedlam as everyone is on their feet and jumping up and down caught up in the spirit of BROTHER JOE as he is preaching about his dream that everyone is dying to hear about!)

SISTER CHRISTY LOVE

"I HAS TO HEAR IT!"

ENTIRE LODGE

"WE WANT TO HEAR IT!"
BROTHER JOE

"YOU REALLY! ... REALLY!"

(High pitched preacher voice stretched out!)

"*R-E-A-L-L-YYYYYY!* ... WANT TO HEAR MY DREAM!"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"I WANT TO HEAR THE DREAM SON!"

BROTHER JOE

(Speaking to the ENTIRE LODGE.)

"SHOULD I TELL THE GOOD REVEREND MY DREAM!"

ENTIRE LODGE

(Yelling and screaming.)

"TELL HIM THE DREAM!"
BROTHER JOE

"SHOULD I TELL ... THE REV - ER - END THE DREAM?"

ENTIRE LODGE

"TELL HIM THE DREAM!"

BROTHER. JOE

"I DREAMT ABOUT YOUR WIFE LAST NIGHT REV! "

(Everyone in the MOOSE LODGE is frozen for about a second or two with their mouths wide open starring at BROTHER JOE.)

REV. RUNAMUCK

"WHAT?"

BROTHER JOE

(BROTHER JOE is still caught up in the spirit and goes on!)

"OH YEAHHHH! I DREAMT ABOUT ... REV.'S WIFE Y'ALL! ... WITH THAT... BIG OLE' FAT ROUND BOOTY SHE GOT!"...

ENTIRE LODGE

(Without missing a beat the ENTIRE LODGE takes a seat while BROTHER. YOUNGBLOOD jumps up and starts to yell.)

BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD

"YES! ... YES! ... YES! ... TELL US! ... TELL US 'ALL' ... THE DREAM!"

BROTHER JOE

(Still caught up in the excitement BROTHER JOE is simply beside himself.)

"YOU ALL KNOW ... WHAT A FOX REV'S WIFE IS?"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"BOY YOU BETTER WATCH YOURSELF!"

BROTHER JOE

"OH YEAH EVERYBODY! ... I DREAMT THAT I WAS THE LONE RANGER AND THE FIRST LADY WAS SILVER ... AND TONTO WAS OVER IN THE CORNER YELLING ... 'GET IT KEMOSABEE ... GET IT!' ... AND I WAS JUST RIDING HER LIKE I HAD JUST ROBBED WELLS FARGO BANK AND HAD A POSSE CHASING ME!"

(BROTHER JOE acts like he is riding a horse and is whipping that ass from side to side!)

HEY! ... GIDDY UP! ... HA! ... MOVE EM OUT!"

REV. RUNAMUCK

"MOTHER - #@&%!! ... DON'T YOU KNOW THAT I WILL CUT YOU!*

BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD

"WHOA! ... WHOA! ... WHOA! ... HOLD ON A-DOG-GONE MINUTE! ... NEED I REMIND YOU"...

(Said with much sarcasm and fanfare.)

"R-E-V-E-R-E-N-D? ...

THAT NO BODY WILL BE CUTTING ANYBODY! ... NOT TODAY ... NOT TOMORROW AND NOT NEXT WEEK! ... AND ANOTHER THANG ... THAT THERE ARE NO ... *MOTHER ... YOU KNOW ... WHATEVER YOU SAID? ...* FRANKLY I'M APPALLED BY THE LEVEL OF VULGARITY AND THREATS OF VIOLENCE YOU HAVE EXHIBITED THIS AFTERNOON? ... SURELY YOU CAN ACCEPT THE FACT THAT BROTHER JOE IS AT HIS SEXUAL PEAK? ... *YOUR NO PREACHING ASS DOES REMEMBER WHAT A ... SEXUAL PEAK IS ... RIGHT? ...* ... HOW DID REV. AL GREEN PUT IT ... LOVE WILL MAKE YOU DO RIGHT AND LOVE WILL MAKE YOU DO WRONG! ... MAKE YA WANT STAY OUT ALL NIGHT LONG! ... NOW IF THE TRUTH BE TOLD ... I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF HALF OF SAN DIEGO * BEEN DREAMING ABOUT YOUR WIFE ... *WITH THAT BIG ASS SHE GOT!"*

*(Depending on the city the performance is in will be the one named; i.e. Dallas, Miami etc.)

REV. RUNAMUCK

"BOY? ... DON'T YOU KNOW I WILL CUT *YOU BOTH* NORTH ... SOUTH ... EAST AND WEST!"

(REV. RUNAMUCK pulls out a butterfly switch blade and swings it open.)

BROTHER JOE

(BROTHER JOE is still caught up in the excitement.)

"I DREAMT I WAS RIDING HER! ... LIKE ... ROY ROGERS RIDE'S TRIGGER!"

(BROTHER JOE starts to make noises like a horse.)

"HEEEEE! ... HEEEE!"

BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD

(BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD pumps his fist in the air.)

"RIDE EM COWBOY! ... RIDE EM!"

BROTHER JOE

(BROTHER JOE is acting like he is riding a bronco bull at a rodeo!)

"COME ON BIG FELLOW! ... HEEEE!"

(The ENTIRE LODGE erupts in chaos. REV. RUNAMUCK is trying to catch BROTHER JOE and BROTHER YOUNGBLOOD so he can give them both some old fashioned therapy. The rest of the lodge starts fighting one another. Ladies are hitting each other the head with their purses. Men and

knocking each other down on the ground. There is total and complete bedlam! While all this is going on, DR. BODEEN slips out the side door as the curtains slowly close.

End ACT I

Scene II

Close curtains

ACT I

SCENE: III

TIME: Same day and time.

AT RISE: Takes place at GRANDMAMMA'S house. BUBBA is seated at the table talking on the phone to one of his friends. There are a few drugs on the table. A joint and some beer. BUBBA is talking on his cell phone.

Begin dialogue:
BUBBA

"WHAT'S UP DOG? ... AIN'T THAT THE TRUTH! ... ALL OF THEM NAKED MOOSE ARE CRAZY! ... JUST PLAIN NUTS! ... T-BONE ... I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO HEAR ABOUT HOW YOU'RE WONDERING IF THERE'S A GOD? ... I DON'T BELIEVE IN NO SUPREME BEING A SUPREME BURRITO YES! ... BUT NOT A SUPREME BEING! ... T-BONE YOU'RE MISSING UP MY HIGH. ... I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN PEOPLE MESS WITH MY HIGH! ... I HURT PEOPLE WHEN THEY MESS WITH MY HIGH!"

(Takes another drink of beer.)

"BECAUSE EVERYBODY IN THE CHURCH"...

(BUBBA picks up a joint and lights it. As BUBBA is talking he is taking a toke off the joint he says...)

"ARE A BUNCH OF HYPOCRITES!"

(BUBBA takes another toke and talks as he holds the weed in.)

"IF THERE IS ONE THING IN LIFE I HATE"...

(Chokes on the joint and finally lets the weed out.)

"IT'S A HYPOCRITE! ... GUESS WHO I GOT COMING OVER HERE THIS AFTERNOON? ... STRAWBERRY DELIGHT."

(Laughter.)

BUBBA
(Cont.)

(Yelling.)

"I KNOW SHE AIN'T GOT NO TEETH!"

(Just then the doorbell rings.)

"I GOT TO GO PLAYER ... SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR. ... IT'S PROBABLY HAM-HOCK AND THAT FOOL ... *PICKLE-TIPS!*"

... YEAH! ... PICKLE TIPS IS
DEFINITELY ... *A BROTHER FROM ANOTHER MOTHER!* ...

(More laughter.)

"ALL RIGHT MAN! ... I'LL CATCH YOU LATER! ... DON'T
COME BACK HERE EMPTY HANDED! ... THAT'S MY DOG! ...
PEACE OUT!"

(BUBBA hangs up the phone and goes over to open the
door. Both HAM HOCK and PICKLE TIPS make a grand
entrance. HAM HOCK comes through the door first followed
by PICKLE-TIPS who over pimps hard walking!)

"HAM HOCK!"

(BUBBA gives HAM HOCK a high five!)

"PICKLE TIPS!"
HAM HOCK

"AIN'T NO THANG"...

EVERYBODY IN UNISON

"BUT A CHICKEN WING!"

(PICKLE-TIPS reaches into his pocket a pull out a chicken
wing and starts to munch on it!)
BUBBA

"WHAT'S UP MY BROTHERS?"

(Everybody gives each other cool brothers dap hug.)

"T -BONE SHOULD BE BACK ANY MINUTE HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO GET THE GOOD STUFF!"

PICKLE TIPS

"LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THE STUFF I HAD THE OTHER DAY ... THIS STUFF WAS SO GOOD ... I COULD HAVE SWORN I HEARD KAYNE WEST AND TAYLOR SWIFT SINGING SUPER-FREAK! ... NOT ONLY THAT ... BUT SIEGFRIED AND ROY WERE BACKING THEM UP!"

(Everybody breaks out in total laughter!)

HAM HOCK

"THE GUYS WITH THE WHITE TIGERS?"

PICKLE TIPS

THE GUYS WITH THE WHITE TIGERS!

BUBBA

"YOU KNOW MY MOTTO ... IF YOU'RE GOING TO FRY YOUR BRAINS"...

EVERYBODY IN UNISON

"FRY THEM ALL THE WAY!"

(More laughter!)

HAM HOCK

"GETTING HIGH DEFINITELY RUNS IN YOUR FAMILY! ... AND KNOWING YOU PICKLE TIPS ... YOU'D SMOKE ANYTHING

TO CATCH A BUZZ! ... IN FACT IF YOU RAN OUT OF WEED ... I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU'D TRY AND FIND A WAY TO SMOKE YOUR OWN MOTHER!"

PICKLE TIPS

"AS MUCH WEED AS MY MOM SMOKES? ... HELL YEAH! ... I'D SMOKE MY MOTHER IN A MINUTE! ... WE'D ALL BE SITTING AROUND THE TABLE AND I'D BE LIKE ... *'PUFF PUFF PASS! ... PUFF PUFF ... YOU'D BETTER PASS MOM!'*"

(Everybody breaks out in total laughter.)

BUBBA

(Still laughing.)

"PICKLE TIPS YOU SURE ARE ONE CRAZY FOOL!

PICKLE TIPS

MAN THAT STUFF ALMOST KILLED ME LAST TIME! NOTHING LIKE A NEAR BRUSH WITH DEATH ... TO LET YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY ALIVE!"

(Everybody laughs.)

BUBBA

(BUBBA holding a bottle of beer and stands to his feet as he proposes a toast.)

"I PROPOSE A TOAST!"

(PICKLE TIPS and HAM HOCK both rise with a bottle of beer in their hands. They all extend the beers to come together in the center of the table.)

"TO AMERICA!"

HAM HOCK AND PICKLE TIPS

"AMERICA!"

BUBBA

"WHERE OUR NATIONAL INSATIABLE APPETITE FOR INTOXICANTS KEEPS DRUG CARTELS IN BUSINESS AROUND THE WORLD!"

EVERYONE IN UNISON

"HERE! ... HERE!"

PICKLE TIPS

"IS THIS A GREAT COUNTRY OR WHAT?"

(Everybody laughs as they give each other a high five.)

BUBBA

"ALRIGHT ENOUGH OF THE FUN AND GAMES! ... WE'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS WE'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF! ... YOU BOTH KNOW THAT I GAVE T-BONE SOME FUNDS TO SCORE SOME MORE BULL-YA!"

HAM HOCK

"I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE BROKE?"

BUBBA

"I USED MY GRANDMOTHER'S RENT MONEY"

HAM HOCK

"HER RENT MONEY? ... YOUR GRANDMOTHER COULD BE PUT OUT ON THE STREETS!"

BUBBA

"AND?"

HAM HOCK

"SHE'S LIVING ON SOCIAL SECURITY YOU KNOW!"

BUBBA

"AND? ... WHAT'S UP WITH YOU? ... ARE YOU TRYING TO DEVELOP A CONSCIENCE OR SOMETHING?"

HAM HOCK

"NO!"

(HAM HOCK starts to stutter.)

"I ... I ... I"...

BUBBA

(Cutting him off.)

"GOOD! ... AS I WAS SAYING ... WE'VE GOT SOME IMPORTANT RULES TO GO OVER BEFORE STRAWBERRY DELIGHT GET'S HERE"

HAM HOCK

"WHAT RULES?"

BUBBA

"PATIENCE ... PATIENCE! ... ALL WILL BE REVEALED."

(PICKLE TIPS makes some kind of noise like a little boy does when he is disappointed.)

"I WANT YOU ALL TO THINK OF US AS ONE BIG ... *RAIL ROAD!*"

HAM HOCK

"*RAIL ROAD?*"

BUBBA

"YES ... A RAIL ROAD MOVING DOWN THE TRACKS OF LIFE!

PICKLE TIPS

"I DON'T GET IT?"

BUBBA

(BUBBA goes over to PICKLE TIPS and places his hands on his shoulders. He points off in the distance as he describes the following scenario.)

"I WANT YOU TO LOOK OFF IN THE DISTANCE ... LOOK OFF IN THE DISTANCE DOWN THE"...

PICKLE TIPS

(Looking up at BUBBA.)

"THE TRACKS OF LIFE?"

BUBBA

"YES MY BROTHER ... CAN'T YOU SEE THAT BIG BLACK POWERFUL TRAIN

PICKLE TIPS

(Squinting real hard.)

... YES! ... YES! ... I SEE IT! ... I SEE IT!"

(Totally excited.)

... THE TRAIN IS MOVING ON THE TRACKS OF LIFE!"

BUBBA

(BUBBA still has his arms around PICKLE TIPS and they are still staring off into the distance.)

"AND IS IT MAKING ANY SOUNDS?"

PICKLE TIPS

"YES! ... YES! ... IT'S GOING"...

(At this point PICKLE TIPS breaks away and enters a world all his own. PICKLE TIPS now takes on the persona of a power locomotive.)

"CHUG A LUG! ... CHUG A LUG! ... CHOOO CHOOO!"

(PICKLE TIPS now moves around in a circle with his arms going back and forth as he is now a living, breathing train.)

"CHUG A LUG! ... CHUG A LUG! ... CHOOO CHOOO!"

BUBBA

"ALRIGHT! ... I THINK MY MAN'S GOT IT!"

HAM HOCK

"YEAH ... HE'S GOT IT ALRIGHT! ... I'M JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT ... / ... DON'T GET IT!"

PICKLE TIPS

(Totally ignoring HAM HOCK.)

"THE QUESTION IS HOW ARE WE ALL GOING TO RIDE THIS TRAIN?"

BUBBA

... I THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT I SHOULD ... *'BE THE FIRST TO PUNCH HER TICKET!'*"

HAM HOCK

"SO YOU WANT TO BE THE CHIEF ENGINEER?"

BUBBA

"WHICH LEAVES THE ... *CONDUCTOR* ... AND THE ... CABOOSE GUY ... WHO WILL BRING UP THE REAR."

PICKLE TIPS

"I THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT I BE THE CONDUCTOR! ... AFTER ALL I DO HAVE AN H-O TYCO MODEL TRAIN SET IN MY GARAGE! ... YOU'VE ALL SEEN IT! ... IT'S RIGHT DOWN TO SCALE. ... I'VE GOT THE TRAIN DEPOT ... THE WATER TOWER ... I'VE EVEN GOT THE LITTLE GHETTO ACROSS THE TRACKS! I THINK THIS ALONE SHOULD QUALIFY ME AS CONDUCTOR!"

HAM HOCK

"IN MY GARAGE I'VE GOT A LOADED .357 MAGNUM ... TWO SAWED OFF SHOT GUNS ... AND AN UNREGISTERED AK-47."

PICKLE TIPS

"CAN'T BEAT QUALIFICATIONS LIKE THAT! ... LOOKS LIKE I'M IN THE CABOOSE!"

(Just then the door bell rings.)

BUBBA

"GLAD THAT'S SETTLED! ... THAT'S PROBABLY HER!"

(BUBBA goes peeks through the door magnifier.)

FELLOWS I PRESENT THE ORIGINAL ... THE ONLY ... IN THE FLESH BABY! ... IN THE FLESH! ... MS STRAWBERRY DELIGHT!"

(BUBBA opens wide the door and in walks a sight to behold. It is none other than STRAWBERRY DELIGHT! STRAWBERRY *freight* would

BUBBA

(Cont.)

be a better description. STRAWBERRY DELIGHT is missing two front teeth. Her dress is way too short. Her wig is on backwards. Her shoes don't match and she has on different socks. As STRAWBERRY DELIGHT makes her grand entrance like she is the belle of the ball we hear RICK JAMES music "Super Freak" playing in the background. STRAWBERRY DELIGHT is wearing sun glasses which are missing one lens. She walks in strutting her stuff and shaking her hips as if she were Halley Berry and J-Lo all wrapped up into one!)

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"HI BABIES! ... IT'S ME! ... THE ONE"...

HAM HOCK

(Said off-the-cuff.)

"COULD THERE BE TWO?"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"THE ONLY"...

HAM HOCK

(Said off-the-cuff.)

"THANK GOD FOR SMALL FAVORS!"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"S-T-R-A-W-B-E-R-R-Y" ...

(STRAWBERRY lowers her voice in an overly masculine sexy voice.)

"DEEEE - LIGHTTTTTT!"

PICKLE TIPS

(While HAM HOCK is the voice of reason for this ACT. PICKLE TIPS is simply besides himself!)

"OH YEAH! ... B-A-B-B-YYYY - B-A-B-B-Y! ... DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS!"

(During this section PICKLE TIPS enters a world all unto his own. The rest of the characters just watch in amazement.)

"IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GET MY CABOOSE ON!"

(PICKLE TIPS puts his hand to his ear.)

"HUH? ... DID YOU SAY SOMETHING ... GIRL I ASKED YOU IF YOU HAD SOMETHING TO SAY?"

(PICKLE TIPS now turns his voice into that of a woman and turns around.)

"YEAH DADDY I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY"...

(Back into the voice of a man and turns around.)

"SPEAK UP WOMAN ... WHAT IS IT?"

(Back into the voice of a woman and turns around.)

"IT'S TIME TO RIDE THE TRAIN DADDY!"

(Back into the voice of a man.)

"YOU WANT DADDY TO RIDE THE TRAIN?"

(Real sexy woman's voice.)

"OHHHH YEAHHHH DADDY! ... MAMMA WANTS YOU TO RIDE THE TRAIN!"

"MAMMA WANTS YOU TO RIDE THE TRAIN A-L-L N-I-G-H-T L-O-N-G!"

(PICKLE TIPS is about to come unglued. He now turns into a train again.)

"CHUG A LUG! ... CHUG A LUG! ... CHOO CHOO! CHUG A LUG! ... CHUG A LUG! ... CHOO CHOO!"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

(During this episode the entire cast has been watching PICKLE TIPS do his thing with their mouths wide open.)

"I GUESS YOU REALLY DO HAVE THE BEST DOPE! ... CAUSE WHATEVER HE'S ON ... I WANT SOME!"

(PICKLE TIPS is still acting like he is a train and is going around in circles making *choo, choo* noises.)

BUBBA

WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR T-BONE TO GET BACK WITH THE STUFF!

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

I WANT SOME OF THAT STUFF THAT MY FRIENDS WERE O-D'N ON. I PRAY TO GOD THAT T-BONE COMES THROUGH!

HAM HOCK

I WOULDN'T BE PRAYING TO GOD FOR THAT!

BUBBA

WHY NOT?

HAM HOCK

CAUSE IT'S JUST WRONG!

BUBBA

"WRONG HU? WHOSE TO SAY WHAT IS WRONG AND WHAT IS RIGHT! .. LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING ... WHY DID JESUS TURN THE WATER INTO WINE?"

HAM HOCK

"I DON'T KNOW? ... WHY DID JESUS TURN THE WATER INTO WINE?"

BUBBA

"BECAUSE THEY ALREADY HAD ENOUGH OLD ENGLISH 800!"

(Everybody falls out in total laughter, it is side splitting laughter!)

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"OLD' E- IN THE HOUSE!"

(Both PICKLE TIPS and STRAWBERRY DELIGHT join in a chorus of the phrase: *'OLD E - IN THE HOUSE! ... OLD - E IN THE HOUSE!'*)

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT AND PICKLE TIPS

"OLD' - E IN THE HOUSE! ... OLD' - E IN THE HOUSE!"

HAM HOCK

"THAT'S NOT FUNNY!"
PICKLE TIPS

"I GOT ONE I GOT ONE! ... HOW COME PETER ...
WHEN HE WAS WALKING ON THE WATER WITH JESUS ...
BEGAN TO SINK?"

HAM HOCK

"BECAUSE HE TOOK HIS EYES OFF OF JESUS?"

PICKLE TIPS

"NOPE! ... BECAUSE HE SAW ALL THE DOPE AT THE
BOTTOM! ... AND DECIDED TO GET IT."

(Everybody except HAM HOCK breaks out in
uncontrollable laughter!)

HAM HOCK

"YOU GUYS ARE PUSHING IT! ... I MEAN REALLY PUSHING
IT!"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"OH! ... MY TURN! ... MY TURN! ... HOW COME DAVID WAS
ABLE TO KILL THE GIANT GOLIATH?"

(Everybody waits for HAM HOCK to answer but he just
turns his head and folds his arms.)

BUBBA

(Still trying to catch his breath from the last joke.)

"I DON'T KNOW? ... WHY WAS DAVID ABLE TO KILL GOLIATH?"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"IF YOU'D BEEN SMOKING SOME OF THAT ... '*SHIT*' ... THAT DAVID WAS SMOKING ... YOU'D BEEN ABLE TO *KILL* HIM TOO!"

(Everybody falls to the ground in total laughter! HAM HOCK has had just about all that he can take.)

HAM HOCK

"ALL RIGHT THAT DOES IT! ... I'M OUT OF HERE! ... THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT YOU DON'T JOKE ABOUT! ... AND GOD IS ONE OF EM! ...

BUBBA

(BUBBA gets all in HAM HOCK'S face as he pokes his chest.)

"AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED ... GOD CAN KISS OFF!"

HAM HOCK

"YOU JUST CROSSED THE LINE BUBBA! YOU NEED TO ASK GOD TO FORGIVE YOU!"

BUBBA

"YOU TELL GOD TO FORGIVE THIS!"

(BUBBA does an obscene gesture!)

HAM HOCK

"YOU CAN GO TO HELL BY YOURSELF! ... THIS IS THE WAKE UP CALL I NEEDED! ... I'M GETTING BACK IN THE CHURCH!"

BUBBA

"MAN AIN'T NOBODY HERE SCARED OF YOU OR YOUR GOD!"

HAM HOCK

"THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM BUBBA! ... YOU'RE NOT SCARED OF ANYBODY OR ANYTHING! ... LET ME TELL YOU THERE ARE PLENTY OF THINGS IN LIFE I'M SCARED OF!" "PELICAN BAY! ... SAN QUENTIN! ANGOLA! ... GETTING SHOT! ... BEING ON DEATH ROW ... SARAH PALIN IN THE WHITE HOUSE"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"HE'LL EVERYBODY'S' SCARED OF THAT!"

(BUBBA really starts to laugh.)

HAM HOCK

I'VE BEEN AWAY FROM GOD FOR TOO LONG! IT'S TIME I HEADED BACK TO MY FATHER'S HOUSE!

BUBBA

"GET THE HELL OUTA MY HOUSE! ... YOU HEAR ME! ... KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE ... YOU'VE MESSED WITH MY HIGH! ... I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN PEOPLE MESS WITH MY HIGH! ... PEOPLE GET *HURT* WHEN THEY MESS UP MY HIGH!"

HAM HOCK

"I'M GLAD I GOT A CHANCE TO SEE WHAT YOU'RE REALLY ABOUT! ... THERE'S GOT TO BE MORE TO LIFE THAN SEX, DRUGS AND ROCK N ROLL!"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

(As tore up as she is STRAWBERRY DELIGHT tries to strike a sexy pose.)

"YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT ANY OF THIS?"

HAM HOCK

(HAM HOCK gives STRAWBERRY DELIGHT one of those you-have-got-to-be-kidding looks.)

"YOU NEED TO GET SOME TEETH! ... THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED TO DO!"

(HAM HOCK starts to walk toward the door.)

"I'M GHOST!"

(HAM HOCK exits the room and BUBBA slams the door behind him.)

BUBBA

"CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT DUDE!"

(Mockingly)

"TELLING ME I NEED GOD! ... I NEED JESUS? GOD NEEDS ME!

YA GOT THAT!"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"WE GOT THAT BABY!"

BUBBA

"I GOT NO TIME FOR THESE PHONY HYPOCRITES! ... HIGHER POWER MY ASS! ... AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED THERE IS NO GOD! ... IN FACT ... I'M GOD! ... ANYBODY GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT!"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"BABY YOU CAN BE ANYTHING YOU WANT ... AS LONG AS YOU KEEP THE CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG COMING!"

BUBBA

"THERE 'S NO MORE! ... WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR T-BONE."

(Looking at his watch just then the door bell rings.)

"I BET THAT'S T-BONE RIGHT NOW."

(BUBBA goes over to the door as the bell is rung again. BUBBA opens the door and it's T-BONE.)

"AND AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! ... IF ANYONE NEEDS TO CATCH A BUZZ ... *IT'S ME!* ... I BEEN DEALING WITH FOOLS

ALL DAY! ... NOTHING BUT FOOLS!"

T-BONE

(As T-BONE makes his entrance the audience can sense that something is wrong as T-BONE is a little bit too apprehensive.)

"WHAT'S UP DOG? ... AIN'T NO THANG ... BUT A"...

BUBBA

"YEAH! ... YEAH! ... I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR THAT RIGHT NOW! ... JUST SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT!"

PICKLE TIPS

(PICKLE TIPS cuts right in to the conversation brushing BUBBA aside!)

"OH NO YOU DON'T! ... WE NEED TO GET SOMETHING STRAIGHT AND GET IT STRAIGHT RIGHT NOW! ... JUST WHERE ARE YOU ON THE TRACKS OF LIFE?"

T-BONE

"WHAT?"

PICKLE TIPS

"YOU HEARD ME! ... I DIDN'T STUTTER! ... I SAID ... *'WHERE ARE YOU ON THE TRACKS OF LIFE?'*"

T-BONE

(Looking over at BUBBA for help.)

"CAN SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT THIS FOOL IS TALKING ABOUT?"

BUBBA

"THE BROTHER'S GOT HIS MIND ON TRAINS."

PICKLE TIPS

"I WANT TO KNOW ... JUST WHERE ARE YOU ... *RIDING* ... ON THIS TRAIN?"

T-BONE

"MAN I DON'T EVEN LIKE TRAINS! ... I'M HERE TO TALK TO BUBBA."

PICKLE TIPS

"LET ME MAKE THIS PERFECTLY CLEAR ... YOU'RE IN THE CABOOSE! ... AND I'M THE CONDUCTOR! NOW BUBBA IS THE CHIEF ENGINEER! ... SO HE GETS TO PUNCH THE TICKET FIRST! ... NOW I WAS GOING TO PUNCH THE TICKET LAST ... BECAUSE I WAS IN THE CABOOSE! ... THEN HAM HOCK STARTED TRIPPING CAUSE HE HAS THIS THING AGAINST BLASPHEMING ... SO HE GAVE UP BEING THE CONDUCTOR! ... THAT MADE ME MOVE UP FROM THE CABOOSE AND NOW I'M THE CONDUCTOR! ... NOW IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO WALTZ RIGHT ON IN HERE AND BOARD THIS TRAIN AS THE CONDUCTOR."

T-BONE

"WHAT?"

PICKLE TIPS

"JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU KNOW YOUR POSITION ... NOW THE CABOOSE IS A FINE PLACE TO BE IN! ... AND THE TRAIN IS GOING TO BE BOARDING ALL NIGHT!"

(PICKLE TIPS goes into his one man act again.)

(Male voice.)

"AIN'T THAT RIGHT BABY?"

(Female voice.)

"THAT'S RIGHT BABY!"

(Male voice.)

"WHOSE GONNA RIDE THIS TRAIN BABY?"

(Female voice.)

"YOU'RE GOING TO RIDE THIS TRAIN DADDY!"

(Male voice.)

(PICKLE TIPS now turns into a train again.)

"CHUG A LOG ... CHUG A LOG ... CHOO CHOO! ... CHUG A LOG ... CHUG A LOG ... CHOO CHOO!"

T-BONE

"I HAVE ONE WORD FOR YOU P-S-Y-C-H-O A-N-A-L-Y-S-I-S! ... GET IN TOUCH WITH DR. PHIL ... DR. KEVORKIAN ... ANYBODY ... BUT GET SOME HELP!"

BUBBA

"NEVER MIND THAT FOOL! ... COME ON WITH IT AND
BREAK OUT WHAT YA GOT!"

T-BONE

"BUBBA ... I NEED TO TELL YOU SOMETHING! ... AH ... I ...
DIDN'T BUY ANY STUFF!"

BUBBA

(All excited.)

"SO YOU TOOK IT! THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
... NOW YOU GOT THE MONEY AND THE STUFF!"

T-BONE

"YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ... I DIDN'T BUY ANY STUFF
AND I DIDN'T ... *'TAKE'* ... ANY STUFF!"

BUBBA

"SOMETHING AIN'T RIGHT! ... YOU EITHER BROUGHT
SOME DOPE OR ... YOU TOOK SOME DOPE ... OR YOU FOUND
SOME DOPE! ... EITHER WAY ... YOU BETTER HAVE MY DOPE
... OR ... YOU'D BETTER HAVE MY MONEY!"

T-BONE

"HEAR ME OUT BUBBA!"

BUBBA

(BUBBA is about to go ballistic! BUBBA grabs T-BONE by the shirt and brings him right to his face!)

"I'M NOT PLAYING WITH YOU! ... I'M ABOUT TO HURT SOMEBODY! ... YOU EITHER HAVE MY DOPE! ... OR YOU GOT MY MONEY! WHICH IS IT?

T-BONE

(T-BONE is looking BUBBA face-to-face and is shaking in his pants.)

"EASE UP BROTHER! ... I SAID I WOULD TAKE CARE OF YOU I BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU ... THAT I GOT A LITTLE SOMETHING ... SOMETHING"

BUBBA

(BUBBA lets go of T-BONE and starts to talk to the rest of the group.)

"IT'S BEEN ONE OF THOSE DAYS! ... I AM NOT IN THE MOOD TO PLAY! ... IF ANYONE NEEDS TO GET THEIR HIGH ON ... IT'S ME! ... SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT?"

T-BONE

(T-BONE'S voice is filled with excitement as he reaches outside the door
and brings in a bag of books)

"BUBBA YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THIS! ... I GOT SOMETHING BETTER THAN DOPE!"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

(Hands on her hips and said with real attitude.)

"HONEY AIN'T NOTHING ... *'BETTER THAN DOPE'* ...
EXCEPT MORE DOPE!"

T-BONE

"NOT WHEN YOU SEE WHAT I GOT ... CHECK THIS OUT ...
I TOOK THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$500.00) YOU GAVE
ME TO COP DOPE ... *AND I GOT US SOME BIBLES!*

BUBBA

SAY WHAT?

T-BONE

(T-BONE starts pulling bibles from a big bag)

I GOT THE KING JAMES BIBLE ... THE NEW KING JAMES
BIBLE ... I EVEN
GOT KING JAMES WHEN HE WAS A TEENAGER!

BUBBA

LET ME SEE IF I GOT THIS RIGHT? YOU TOOK MY MONEY I
GAVE YOU TO GET ME MY DOPE! AND ALL YOU BROUGHT
BACK HERE WAS A BUNCH OF BIBLES?

T-BONE

YOU THINK I'M STUPID OR SOMETHING! YOU THINK I
SPENT ALL THAT MONEY JUST ON BIBLES?

PICKLE TIPS

I SURE HOPE NOT!
T-BONE

I GOT THE DRUG AND ADDICTION CURE BOOK! ONE FOR
EACH OF YOU...YOU'VE PROBABLY SEEN THE COMMERCIALS
PLUS ... THE NA AND AA BIG BOOKS

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

T-BONE

AND WHEN THE CHURCH PEOPLE SAW HOW I WANTED
TO CHANGE MY LIFE, THEY THREW IN FOR FREE 12 COPIES
OF TYLER PERRY'S *'DON'T MAKE A BLACK A BLACK
WOMAN TAKE OFF HER EAR RINGS! ...*

(Lowers his voice a bit.)

"HOW YOU LIKE ME NOW!"

BUBBA

"I'M A KILL YA!"

(BUBBA is a state of total shock! BUBBA rushes for T-
BONE and starts

to choke his neck with the most crazed look on his face!
The rest of the group finally comes to rescue of T-BONE and

ply BUBBA'S hand away from T-BONE'S neck! BUBBA is still berserk!)

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"WAIT BABY ... LETS HEAR WHAT HE'S GOT TO SAY? ... FOR ALL WE KNOW ... THIS IS NOTHING BUT A PRACTICAL JOKE?"

(Turning to T-BONE.)

"THIS IS A PRACTICAL JOKE ... RIGHT?"

T-BONE

"EVERYBODY I DECIDED TO GET CLEAN AND SOBER! ... AREN'T YOU HAPPY FOR ME?"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"SON OF A \$%#@!! ... I'LL A KILL YA! ... I'LL A KILL YA! AS BAD AS I WANT TO GET HIGH! ... I'LL KILL YA!"

(The rest of the group pulls STRAWBERRY DELIGHT'S hands from around T-BONE'S neck.)

PICKLE TIPS

"WHEN DID ALL THIS HAPPEN?"

T-BONE

"MY LIFE HASN'T BEEN WORKING FOR A LONG TIME BUBBA! ... I FINALLY SAW THE LIGHT YESTERDAY MORNING"...

BUBBA
(Yelling.)

"YESTERDAY MORNING? ...

(Yelling even louder!)

"YESTERDAY MORNING? ... I GAVE YOU THE MONEY FOR
THE DOPE YESTERDAY MORNING! ... WHY DIDN'T YOUR
BEHIND GET INTO RECOVERY BEFORE *YESTERDAY
MORNING?*"

T-BONE

"A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON THE WAY TO THE
DOPE DEALER."

BUBBA

(Yelling beyond control while turning to the rest of the
group.)

"DID HE JUST SAY A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO HIM
ON THE WAY TO THE DOPE DEALER?"

PICKLE TIPS

"YUP! ... THAT'S WHAT HE SAID!"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"HE SURE NUFF SAID THAT! ... I M STANDING RIGHT
HERE! ... I KNOW WHAT I HEARD!"

BUBBA

(BUBBA is on the verge of losing his mind.)

"WHAT THE ... *HELL* ... HAPPENED TO YOU ON THE WAY TO THE DOPE DEALER?"

T-BONE

"I FOUND GOD!"

BUBBA

(About to have a nervous breakdown.)

"YOU FOUND GOD? ... WITH MY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$500.00)?"

PICKLE TIPS

"I DIDN'T KNOW GOD COST THAT MUCH?"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"YOU KNOW THE ECONOMY IS REALLY HURTING WHEN GOD STARTS CHARGING!"

PICKLE TIPS

"YOU COULDN'T HAVE FOUND GOD FOR FREE?"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"YEAH! ... LIKE CATCH HIM ON SALE OR SOMETHING? ... SO MUCH FOR SALVATION BEING FREE?"

T-BONE

BUBBA I'VE ACCEPTED JESUS CHRIST INTO MY HEART AS MY LORD AND SAVIOR!"

BUBBA

(Rolling up his sleeve as BUBBA is ready to throw down.)

"LET ME SEE IF I GOT THIS RIGHT ... I'M NOT GETTING HIGH TONIGHT ... BECAUSE YOU SPENT MY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$500.00) ... NOT ON DOPE ... BUT TO ASK JESUS TO COME INTO YOUR HEART? ... IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

PICKLE TIPS

"DON'T FORGET THE BOOKS HE BROUGHT! ... THE GENERATIONAL KING JAMES

T-BONE

"IT WAS LIKE THIS BUBBA ... I WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET YESTERDAY MORNING ... YOU KNOW TO SCORE THE STUFF ... AND AS I WAS WALKING I STARTED TO SEE THE GLORY OF GOD."

BUBBA

(Becoming unglued.)

"WHAT?"

PICKLE TIPS

"HE SAID HE STARTED TO SEE THE GLORY OF GOD?"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"UH HU ... HE SURE NUFF SAID THAT! ... I'M STANDING
RIGHT HERE! ... I KNOW WHAT I HEARD!"

T-BONE

"IT WAS A DAY LIKE NO OTHER! ... IT ALL STARTED WHEN
I LOOKED UP AT THE SKY ... I SAW THE SUN!"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

(In a calm matter of fact way.)

"YOU SAW THE SUN?"

T-BONE

"I'VE NEVER SEEN THE SUN BEFORE."

BUBBA

"YOU'VE NEVER SEEN THE SUN BEFORE?"

T-BONE

"NOT LIKE THIS! ... OH SHE WAS SHINNING IN HER
STRENGTH!"

BUBBA

"SHE?"
T-BONE

"THE SUN! ... SHE ... WAS SHINNING IN HER STRENGTH!
... I THEN LOOKED UP AND SAW BEAUTIFUL ... *HAZEL ...
PINK ... WHITE CLOUDS.*"

BUBBA

"HAZEL ... PINK ... WHITE CLOUDS ... HUH?"

(BUBBA starts to roll up his sleeves)

T-BONE

"I EVEN HEARD THE FAINT CRY OF A BUZZARD OVER
HEAD"...

(T BONE places his hands to his mouth as he gives the
call of the wild.)

"*CHAAA!* ... *CHAAA!* ... THAT'S WHEN IT HIT ME! ...
THAT'S WHEN I KNEW THAT THERE WAS A GOD!"

BUBBA

"YOU HEARD THE FAINT CRY OF A BUZZARD OVER HEAD
AND YOU KNEW THERE WAS A GOD?"

T-BONE

"YES!"

(T BONE places his hands to his mouth again and makes
the mating cry of the buzzard.)

"CHAAA! ... CHAAA!"

BUBBA

"CHAAA! ... CHAAA! ... HUH?"

(BUBBA starts pounding his fist into his hand ready to thrown down.)

T-BONE

"OH THE SPLENDOR OF NATURE BUBBA! ... THE SPLENDOR OF NATURE! ... I LOOKED OVER AT A NEARBY TREE ... AND GUESS WHAT I SAW?"

BUBBA

"MY DOPE?"

T-BONE

(Overly friendly.)

"NO! ... NO! ... I LOOKED OVER AT THE TREE ... AND I SAW THE CUTEST LITTLE SQUIRRELS ... AND GUESS WHAT THEY WERE DOING?"

BUBBA

"TRYING TO FIND MY DOPE?"

T-BONE

"NOOOO! ... SILLY RABBIT! ... ONE OF THE SQUIRRELS WENT OVER TO A ROSE BUSH"...

(T BONE now goes over to a make believe rose bush and starts an imaginary conversation and is looking at a rose bush that does not exist.)

"AND IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER ... I'D SWEAR THAT SQUIRREL TOOK THE TIME OUT OF ... *HIS* ... BUSY DAY"...

BUBBA

"OKAY THE SUN WAS A SHE AND THE SQUIRREL WAS A HE?

T-BONE

"OH TRUST ME THE SQUIRREL WAS A HE!"

BUBBA

"GOT THAT CLOSE DID YA!"

T-BONE

"I WATCHED THAT LITTLE SQUIRREL STOP *AND SMELL THE ROSES!* ... WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU ... *STOPPED AND SMELLED THE ROSES BUBBA?* ... WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME ... YOU TOLD A ROSE ... *I LOVE YOU?*"

(T-BONE pauses for a brief second while the rest of the cast just stares at him with their mouths wide open.)

"I SAT DOWN ON A BENCH AND I STARTED TO CRY ... I DON'T KNOW WHY ... PERHAPS THE REVELATION THAT THEIR WAS A GOD WAS MORE THAN MY SPRIT COULD HANDLE? ... YOUR GRANDMOTHER WAS PASSING BY AND SHE ASKED ME WHAT WAS WRONG. ... I TOLD HER MY LIFE WASN'T WORKING. ... SHE TOLD ME ABOUT HER BELIEF IN

GOD ... THEN YOUR GRANDMOTHER SHARED THE WONDERFUL STORY OF SALVATION! ... I ASKED JESUS RIGHT THEN AND THERE TO SAVE ME FROM MY SINS! AND YOU KNOW WHAT? HE DID! ... MY NAME IS WRITTEN IN THE LAMBS BOOK OF LIFE! I FOUND THE FIRST CHURCH I COULD. DONATED THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND THEY IN TURN GAVE ME A SACK FULL OF BIBLES AND THREW IN TYLER PERRY'S DON'T MAKE A BLACK WOMAN TAKE OFF HER EARRINGS FOR FREE! ... OH BUBBA.... ISN'T GRACE WONDERFUL!

BUBBA

(BUBBA doesn't say a word and everybody just stares at T-BONE with their mouths wide open!)

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

(STRAWBERRY DELIGHT stands in front of BUBBA.)

"NOW BABY ... I KNOW YOUR FIRST REACTION IS TO BEAT HIS ASS ... I DON'T THINK THAT YOU SHOULD BEAT HIS ASS."

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT AND PICKLE TIPS

"LET'S ALL BEAT HIS ASS!"

(EVERYBODY backs T-BONE up into a corner)

T-BONE

(T-BONE sees that the tide is turning against him and he starts to back up. He talks as he is backing up.)

BUBBA ... WHY ARE YOU PUTTING ON THOSE BRASS KNUCKLES! ... OKAY LOOK! ... I CAN GET YOU THE MONEY BACK!

BUBBA

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET ME MY MONEY BACK?

T-BONE

I'VE GOT A RARE COMIC BOOK COLLECTION ... I GOT SOME FIRST EDITION SUPER BLACK HERO'S

(Starting to stutter and still backing up followed by the rest of the gang, who are now pounding their hands into their fists.)

I'VE GOT... *'SOUL MAN!'* ... NO ... *HE WAS BLACK* ... HE CONVERTED AND BECAME A ... *'ORTHODOX- BLACK- JEW'*... NOW HE'S FIGHTING THE ... *KKK AND HAMAS!* ... TALK ABOUT A BUSY SUPER HERO!"

PICKLE TIPS

"DO YOU HAVE THE FIRST EDITION OF CHICKEN MAN?"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"CHICKEN MAN?"

PICKLE TIPS

"YOU MEAN YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF CHICKEN MAN? ... CHICKEN MAN WAS SOMETHING ELSE! ... CHICKEN MAN WAS ABLE."

(Said with great enthusiasm like he just discovered electricity!)

"TO FRY 24 CHICKENS IN A SINGLE SKILLET! ... THEN HE'D WHOOP YOUR ASS WITH THAT SAME SKILLET! ... CHICKEN MAN WAS ONE BAD DUDE! ... BUBBA WE CAN GET A TON OF MONEY FOR A FIRST EDITION CHICKEN MAN!"

BUBBA

"YOU ALL TAKE ME FOR A FOOL! ... YOU MUST REALLY THINK THIS IS NOTHING BUT A BIG JOKE!"

(All the while BUBBA is backing T-BONE behind the couch. All the violent action will take place behind the couch. STRAWBERRY DELIGHT slips behind T-BONE as BUBBA continues to back up T-BONE. T-BONE is now backed up against the wall by the couch.)

I'M NOT SELLING ANY DAMN COMIC BOOKS! ... "KNOW WHAT YA DID? ... YOU MESSED WITH MY HIGH! ... I TIRED TO TELL YOU PLAYER ... PEOPLE GET HURT WHEN THEY MESS WITH MY HIGH! ...

(BUBBA yells to PICKLE TIPS...)

"TIPS ... WATCH THE FRONT DOOR! ... I DON'T WANT ANYONE LEAVING ... AND I DON'T WANT ANYONE COMING IN!"

(PICKLE TIPS goes and stands beside the front door.)

"YOU THINK I'M SOME SORT OF PUNK? ... YOU THINK YOU CAN PLAY ME? ... YOU COME IN HERE WITH THIS ... *'LAST COMIC STANDING BULLSHIT!'*"...

(BUBBA is now all in T-BONE'S face, less than an inch apart.)

"YOU WANT TO RUN SOME GAME ON ME ABOUT FRIGG IN SQUIRRELS ... AND BUZZARDS FLYING OVER HEAD ... AND ROSES I NEED TO BE SMELLING? IF YOU WANT TO GET CLEAN ... THEN GET CLEAN BY YOUR GOT - DAMN SELF! ... YOU WANT TO BE A JESUS FREAK! ... FINE! ... BE A JESUS FREAK BY YOURSELF!"

(BUBBA throws a punch at T-BONE'S face but T-BONE ducks and BUBBA'S fist hits the wall. T-BONE starts to back up some more as BUBBA pulls his fist from out of the wall and resumes following T-BONE. When T-BONE is right in front of the back of the sofa STRAWBERRY DELIGHT sticks out her foot causing T-BONE to fall behind the couch. BUBBA now stands over T-BONE and smashes his fist with the brass knuckles. BUBBA kneels down as the audience can still see BUBBA'S head but T-BONE is out of sight. BUBBA grabs T-BONE by the scruff of the shirt and pulls him up so that he is face to face with BUBBA.)

"BUT NOBODY! ...AND I MEAN ... NOBODY ... MESSES WITH MY HIGH!"

T-BONE

(T BONE lets out a blood curdling scream as the first of many blows are delivered to T-BONE'S face.)

"NOOO! BUBBA ... DON'T!"

(The blows start to rain upon T-BONE. Although the audience cannot actually see the blows strike they can hear the sound of them striking T-BONE'S face. STRAWBERRY DELIGHT is standing over T-BONE enjoying the whole show as a look of complete satisfaction comes over her face. It is the look of devilish joy.)

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"YEAH BUBBA! ... KICK HIS ASS GOOD!"

PICKLE TIPS

SHOULD HAVE RIDDEN IN THE ... *CABOOSE PARTNER!* ... I TRIED TO TELL YOU TO ... *RIDE THE TRAIN!* ... *RIDE THE TRAIN BABY!*

BUBBA

(By this time there is blood dripping from the hands of BUBBA and he has worked up a sweat.)

"I BET YOU SMOKED UP MY MONEY ... DIDN'T YOU!"

(BUBBA gets back down on his knees and delivers another blow to the face!)

T-BONE

(As T-BONE is lying out of sight from the audience he is squirting BUBBA'S shirt with blood. Blood comes out from behind the couch with every blow that that is delivered by BUBBA. This scene is very graphic and extreme in nature. Even STRAWBERRY DELIGHT is splattered with blood. T-BONE'S face is now a bloody pulp. With cotton in his mouth his mouth is disfigured. With his dying breath T BONE mutters...)

"BUBBA GOD LOVES YOU! JESUS LOVES YOU TOO!"

BUBBA

(BUBBA still is hitting T BONE as he is talking to him. GRANDMAMMA has pushed open the door and is watching what is going on.)

"I TOLD YOUR DUMB ASS THAT I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT GOD AND I SURE NUFF DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT JESUS! ... IN FACT WHEN YOU SEE JESUS ... YOU TELL HIM FOR ME THAT HE CAN KISS MY BLACK ...

GRANDMAMMA

(Just then GRANDMAMMA knocks open the front door as PICKLE-

TIPS falls' to the ground.)

WHAT DO YOU MEAN LOCKING ME OUT OF MY OWN HOUSE? AND I HEARD YOU SAY WHAT? YOU WANT JESUS TO DO WHAT? ... WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?"

(GRANDMAMMA sees T-BONE behind the couch.)

BUBBA

(BUBBA is caught up in a violent frenzy.)

"WHAT THE &*%\$# ARE YOU DOING HERE? ... YOU'RE FAT ASS IS SUPPOSED TO BE AT CHURCH?"

GRANDMAMMA

(GRANDMAMMA strides over to BUBBA)

"JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TOO?"

(GRANDMAMMA slaps BUBBA across the face!)

I CAN TELL YOU DON'T RESPECT GOD! ... BUT UP IN THIS HERE HOUSE ... YOUR GOING TO SHOW ME THE RESPECT I DESERVE!

(GRANDMAMMA see's T-BONE in a pool of blood)

OH MY GOD! ... WHAT ARE DOING TO THIS BOY? ... YOU'RE KILLING HIM! ... YOU'RE KILLING THIS BOY!"

BUBBA

"I'M DELIVERING MY JUSTICE!"

GRANDMAMMA

(Yelling over to PICKLE-TIPS)

"CALL 9-1-1!"

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

"IF WE CALL 9-1-1 THE POLICE WILL COME!"

GRANDMAMMA

(Taking control of the situation.)

"I SAID TO CALL 9-1-1 AND I MEAN TO CALL NOW!"

PICKLE TIPS

(GRANDMAMMA has instilled in PICKLE TIPS the fear of God and he races off stage to make the phone call. GRANDMAMMA now kneels down to try and give some aid to T-BONE. After a brief segment, PICKLE TIPS returns back on stage out of breath.)

GRANDMAMMA

"MY GOD BUBBA ... WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME HAVE YOU DONE!"

(GRANDMAMMA pushes BUBBA off of T-BONE)

NOBODY IS KILLING ANYONE UP IN MY HOUSE!

(Turning to PICKLE TIPS and STRAWBERRY DELIGHT...)

"I SUGGEST YOU TWO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVE!"

PICKLE TIPS

"BUT I WAS TO BE THE CONDUCTOR?"

GRANDMAMMA

(Rising and standing tall)

"BOY IF YOU DON'T GET THE ... *HELL* ... OUT OF MY HOUSE! ... YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE WHERE I'M ABOUT TO ... *CONDUCT MY FOOT!* ... NOW GET OUT!"

(PICKLE TIPS and STRAWBERRY DELIGHT bump into each other trying to get out of GRANDMAMA'S house.)

"THIS IS BEHIND THAT DOPE ISN'T IT? ... ISN'T IT!"

BUBBA

(BUBBA is now in a state of panic and he spaces out.)

"YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! ... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!"

GRANDMAMMA

"I UNDERSTAND YOU GOT A SERIOUS PROBLEM AND THAT THIS BOY MIGHT DIE! ... YOU NEED HELP! ... YOU NEED HELP REAL BAD! BUBBA YOU'RE IN DANGER OF LOSING YOUR SOUL!"

BUBBA

"ALL I NEEDED WAS FOR THIS CHUMP TO BRING ME MY STUFF LIKE I ASKED? ... HE SMOKED UP MY DOPE!"

GRANDMAMMA

I LED THIS YOUNG MAN TO THE SAVING KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS CHRIST THIS AFTERNOON! ... AND THAT'S A FACT! ... THIS DOPE IS GOING TO BE THE END OF YOU AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN!

(All the time GRANDMAMMA is engaging in conversation with BUBBA she is holding T BONE and rocking him in her lap, which is now covered in blood!)

"BUBBA ... WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU! ... YOU DIDN'T USED TO BE LIKE THIS! ... YOU WERE DOING SO GOOD! ... THEN YOU MET THAT SHOUT OUT! ... YOU WERE GOING TO MEETINGS... YOU HAD A SPONSOR ... YOU WERE WORKING THE STEPS ... YOU WERE LIVING A CLEAN AND SOBER LIFE ... WHAT WENT WRONG? ... BUBBA DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN GOD?"

BUBBA

"I DON'T NEED NO PREACHING TOO!"

GRANDMAMMA

"YOU NEED JESUS! ... THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED!"

BUBBA

"I NEED JESUS TO GET ME MY DOPE! ... CAN JESUS DO THAT?"

GRANDMAMMA

"GOD'S NOT IN THE BUSINESS OF GIVING PEOPLE DOPE!
... HE'S IN THE BUSINESS OF FREEING PEOPLE FROM DOPE!"
(Watch the audience applaud at this line :o D)

BUBBA

(Yelling and pacing.)

"I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT! ... I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING ... YOU'RE TRYING TO CONFUSE ME ... YEAH ... YOU'RE TRYING TO MESS WITH MY MIND!"

GRANDMAMMA

"THAT STUFF YOU BEEN PUTTING IN YOUR BODY HAS FRIED YOUR BRAINS! ... THAT'S WHY YOU'RE ACTING LIKE YOU ARE! ... BUBBA YOU JUST GOT OUT OF PRISON ... AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOING RIGHT BACK!"

BUBBA

(Yelling.)

"I'M NOT GOING BACK TO PRISON! ... I KNOW HOW TO RUN GAME!"

GRANDMAMMA

"THIS IS NO GAME! ... PEOPLE ARE DYING EVERY DAY BECAUSE OF ADDICTION!"

BUBBA

(Yelling like he is losing his mind.)

"QUIT PREACHING TO ME! ... T BONE STARTED TO PREACH TO ME ... YOU SEE WHAT I DID TO HIM!"

GRANDMAMMA

"DID YOU JUST THREATEN ME?"

BUBBA

(BUBBA is in a state of panic and he is in a daze and is walking around the room.)

"I NEED TO GET HIGH! ... ALL I NEED IS TO GET MY HIGH ON! ... I... I ... I"...

(BUBBA breaks out in a cold sweat.)

"I JUST NEED A BUZZ! ... A LITTLE BUZZ ... TO TAKE THE EDGE OFF!"

(BUBBA starts to crawl around on the floor as he is looking for something.)

"MAYBE SOMEONE DROPPED SOMETHING ON THE FLOOR! ... THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING ON THE FLOOR!"

GRANDMAMMA

(GRANDMAMMA looks at BUBBA with a look of horror and shock.)

"MY GOD! ... WHAT HAS THIS STUFF TURNED YOU INTO?"

BUBBA

(BUBBA is sweating like a pig and still on the floor looking around.)

"I KNOW THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING HERE? ... I CAN FEEL IT! ... I CAN FEEL IT"

GRANDMAMMA

"YOU'RE NOT MY GRANDSON! ... YOU'RE SOME KIND OF MONSTER! ... YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A DOPE FIEND!"

BUBBA

(Yelling like he has lost his mind.)

"QUIT PREACHING TO ME! ... YOU'RE MESSING WITH MY HIGH! ... YOU DON'T KNOW A GOT- DAMN THING OF WHAT I'M GOING THROUGH!"

GRANDMAMMA

"OH YES I DO! ... I'VE BEEN CLEAN AND SOBER FOR OVER 30 YEARS! ... I NEVER TOLD YOU BUT I USED TO DRINK! ... BUT THROUGH THE POWER OF A GOD OF MY UNDERSTANDING ... WHICH FOR ME IS JESUS CHRIST! ...

AND LIVING MY LIFE BY SPIRITUAL PRINCIPLES I HAVEN'T TOUCHED A DROP OF LIQUOR FOR OVER THIRTY (30) YEARS! ... AND WHEN DEATH DOES COME KNOCKING FOR ME ... I KNOW THAT I AM GOING INTO THE ARMS OF JESUS!"

BUBBA

(BUBBA is going berserk.)

"THAT'S WHAT YOU BELIEVE! ... I DON'T BELIEVE THOSE FAIRY TALES! ... QUIT PREACHING TO ME! ... YOU'RE MESSING WITH MY HIGH! ... I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN PEOPLE MESS WITH MY HIGH!"

(BUBBA is now crawling around on the floor in total state of panic he yells out.)

"IF THERE IS A GOD! ... HELP ME FIND MY DOPE! ... I ... I ... I'D GIVE ANYTHING FOR JUST A PIECE!"

(BUBBA yells out.)

"I ... I'D SELL MY SOUL TO THE DEVIL FOR A HIT!"

BUBBA
(Cont.)

(Just then, BUBBA spots something by GRANDMAMA'S foot!)

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT! ... DON'T MOVE!"

(Speaking to GRANDMAMMA...)

"THERE'S A PIECE RIGHT BY YOUR FOOT! ... YES! ... IT'S RIGHT BY YOUR FOOT! ... YES! ... I KNEW MY SOUL WAS GOOD FOR SOMETHING!"

GRANDMAMMA

(GRANDMAMMA raises her foot above the pebble.)

"THIS IS THE WORK OF THE ENEMY! ... BUBBA NOTHING! ... I MEAN NOTHING! IS WORTH YOUR SOUL!"

BUBBA

"SHUT UP! ... SHUT UP! ... I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT! ... I JUST WANT MY STUFF! ... NOW MOVE YOUR FOOT OUTTA THE WAY!"

GRANDMAMMA

"I NEED TO TELL YOU SOMETHING ... IN THIS HOUSE ... *WHERE I PAY THE RENT* ... I HAPPEN TO BELIEVE IN GOD!"

BUBBA

(Yelling at the top of his lungs!)

"SHUT UP! ... SHUT UP! ... I DON'T NEED TO HEAR ANYTHING ABOUT GOD!"

GRANDMAMMA

"WELL YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR IT TONIGHT! ... MY GOD HAS ALL POWER IN HIS HANDS! OVER 2000 YEARS AGO GOD SENT HIS SON ... JESUS CHRIST TO GIVE HIS LIFE FOR

THE SINS OF THE WORLD. HE DIED ON THE CROSS AND ON THE THIRD DAY GOT UP WITH ALL POWER IN HIS HANDS! BUBBA BY PLACING YOUR FAITH IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST YOU CAN HAVE ETERNAL LIFE! BUBBA DON'T YOU WANT TO SPEND ETERNITY WITH GOD?

BUBBA

I TOLD YOU NO! ... NOW MOVE OUT-A MY WAY!

(GRANDMAMMA raises her foot over the dope.)

"ADDICTION NO LONGER PLAYS A ROLE IN MY LIFE! ... AND NEITHER SHOULD IT IN YOURS!

BUBBA

(Watching in horror still on the floor he yells out.)

"NOOOOOOO!"

(With those powerful words GRANDMAMMA stomps her foot down on the piece of dope and grinds it into powder!)

"NOW I WANT YOU AND YOUR STRUNG OUT SELF OUT OF HERE!"

(With that, GRANDMAMMA smashes her foot down hard on the pebble.)

BUBBA

(BUBBA screams in horror as he watches GRANDMAMMA smash the last vestiges of his precious dope into nothing but powder. He screams out in horror!)

"BITCH!"
GRANDMAMMA

"NOW GET OUT!"

BUBBA

"BITCH! ... I'LL KILL YA! ... I'LL KILL YA!"

(BUBBA can't believe what just happened and what GRANDMAMMA did to his dope. BUBBA goes off stage to the kitchen. GRANDMAMMA kneels down and starts to pray as she is holding T-BONE'S head in her lap GRANDMAMMA starts to sing '*Swing Low Sweet Chariot.*' As she rocks back and forth, BUBBA returns with a cast iron skillet in his hand. BUBBA has the look of a crazed dope fiend! GRANDMAMMA turns to see BUBBA raise the skillet over her head and screams out in terror and she falls back behind the couch. BUBBA brings the skillet down on GRANDMAMMA repeatedly. At the first swing of the skillet the stage lights are blackened and we have strobe light effects this will have the effect of slowing the action down but we still hear real time screams.)

GRANDMAMMA

(Barely able to mutter a word, her dialogue is strained at best.)

"OH NO!"

(Sound effect of skillet smashing.)

"BUBBA ... DON'T!"

(Sound of skillet smashing into a watermelon.)
"NO!"

(Sound effect of skillet smashing.)

"OH GOD!"

(Still bring the skillet down upon the head of
GRANDMAMMA.)

"UGH!"

(Sound effect of skillet smashing.)

"UGH!"

(Sound effect of skillet smashing.)

"STOP!"

(Sound effect of skillet smashing.)

"BUBBA ... NO!"

(Sound effect of skillet smashing.)

"I 'M I'M ... GOING TO BE WITH THE LORD! ... I'M"

(Sound effect of skillet smashing.)

"COMING HOME LORD! BUBBA! ... I ... I ... I SEE
JESUS! ... I SEE JESUS!"

BUBBA

"SHUT UP! ... SHUT UP!"

(BUBBA grabs the skillet with both hands over his head and brings down the skillet with all of his might. There is total silence as BUBBA looks at GRANDMAMMA. He is in a daze and is just looking behind the couch. The audience can see GRANDMAMA'S leg give a few twitches and then is motionless. BUBBA now has the skillet down by his side. The skillet slides down to the floor and makes a thud that reverberates to the back of the theater. Standing over the body BUBBA starts to yell at his now lifeless grandmother.)

"I TOLD YOU! ... DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO LEAVE ME THE ... FUCK ALONE! ... BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN! ... YOU HAD TO KEEP PUSHING ME! ... AND PUSHING ME! ... JESUS THIS AND JESUS THAT!"

(In a very mocking tone.)

"I SEE JESUS! ... I SEE JESUS!"

(The following line is delivered with power and force!)

"NOW LOOK AT YOU! ... I TOLD YOU! ... I TOLD YOU! ... I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN PEOPLE MESS WITH MY HIGH! ... PEOPLE GET HURT WHEN THEY MESS WITH MY HIGH!"

(BUBBA finds a piece of a joint that someone must have dropped. BUBBA is all smiles and happy as he holds it up in the air.)

"WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW?"

(BUBBA picks up a piece of roach that had fallen to the floor.)

"HOW DO YOU DO"...

(BUBBA sits down at the table and places one of his feet on the chair as he lights the roach. He takes a big drag ... holds it in ... and then after about thirty (30) seconds he lets it out.)

"NOW ... THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!"

(Just then the paramedics arrive and tend to the two lifeless bodies while BUBBA places both hands behind his neck enjoying his high.)

End ACT I

Scene III

Close curtains
Intermission

(After a fifteen (15) minute intermission. At which time the patrons can purchase items bearing the *Harper Enterprise: GOD'S Cotton Pic'N Production Logo.* Along with additional souvenirs from the play; i.e. pictures of the cast, t-shirts, cups, caps, calendars, DVD'S, concessions, etc.

ACT II

SCENE: I

TIME: One year later.

SETTING: As the curtains open we view a courtroom. There is the podium for the Judge. Two tables are on stage,

one for the Defense and the other for Prosecution. Seated are the Prosecution and the Defense attorneys at their respective tables. The jury is also seated in their section. Bubba (who is the defendant) is not seated but will be brought into the courtroom shackled from the waist down to his ankles. The bailiff announces the arrival of Judge, Betty Moe.

Begin dialogue:

BAILIFF

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(JUDGE BETTY MOE arrives in the courtroom. She is carrying a clip board and is wearing a long black robe. She has a pair of spectacles on and is in a no nonsense mood as she conducts her official business. Standing are the Defense and the Prosecuting attorneys)

"WE HERE ON DOCKET NUMBER 83457 ... THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA VS. BUBBA S. BROWN"...

(JUDGE BETTY MOE notices that the defendant is not present and addresses the matter.)

"AH ... AM I MISSING SOMETHING ... OR IS THE DEFENDANT NOT PRESENT?"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"YOUR HONOR ... THERE WAS A SLIGHT DELAY ... THE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE"...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"YOUR HONOR I WOULD LIKE TO MOVE FOR A MISTRIAL."

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"ON WHAT GROUNDS?"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"ON THE GROUNDS THAT THE PROSECUTION HAS FAILED TO SEAT THE DEFENDANT IN A TIMELY! ... *NOW HAD MY CLIENT BEEN A WHITE MAN!*

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(Takes off her glasses and shakes her head from side-to-side.)

"OH COME ONE! PLAYING THE RACE CARD A LITTLE EARLY ... DON'T YOU THINK?"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"I'M JUST GETTING STARTED!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"MOTION DENIED! ... I DOUBT VERY SERIOUSLY IF YOUR CLIENT WILL SUFFER ANY ... PERMANENT DAMAGE ... AS A BLACK MAN ... OR ANY OTHER MAN! ... LET ME GO ON RECORD AS SAYING IF THIS IS ANY INDICATION OF THE TYPE OF ... DEFENSE ... YOU'RE GOING TO TRY TO MOUNT ... I NEED TO GET YOU STRAIGHT RIGHT NOW! I'M NOT GOING TO PUT UP WITH ANY OF YOUR MESS! ... YOUR

REPUTATION PROCEEDS YOU ... DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME COUNSELOR?"

(Just then BUBBA arrives in the courtroom. He can barely walk as the shackles around his ankles don't give him too much maneuver room.)

BAILIFF

(Whispers to JUDGE BETTY MOE.)

"THE DEFENDANT HAS ARRIVED"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(Speaking to BUBBA...)

"GLAD YOU COULD JOIN US ... MR. BROWN."

(BUBBA is escorted to the defense table and stands beside his attorney.)

"WHERE WERE WE? ... OH YES ... THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA VS. MR. BUBBA S. BROWN. ... IT IS ALLEGED THAT ON NOVEMBER. 12TH, 2010 AT APPROXIMATELY 2:00 PM THE DEFENDANT ... MR. BUBBA

STEINBERG BROWN COMMITTED TWO COUNTS OF CAPITAL MURDER WITH SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES ... HOW DOES YOUR CLIENT PLEAD?"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"GUILTY."

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"LET THE RECORD STATE THAT THE DEFENDANT HAS ENTERED A PLEA OF GUILTY."

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"BUT NOT RESPONSIBLE!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"OH COME ON NOW! ... IT'S TOO EARLY IN THE MORNING FOR THESE SHENANIGANS!"

(JUDGE BETTY MOE buries her head in her hands at the bench.)

"HOW DOES YOUR CLIENT PLEAD, GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"GUILTY! ... "BUT NOT RESPONSIBLE!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(JUDGE BETTY MOE takes the pencil that she was writing with and throws it over her shoulder in disgust.)

"DID YOU PASS THE BAR?"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"SEVERAL ON MY WAY TO THE COURTHOUSE! BUT I WAS RUNNING LATE AND DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO STOP IN FOR A DRINK!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(JUDGE BETTY MOE just stares at the DEFENSE for about ten (10) seconds and then says as she starts to write...)

"GUILTY BUT NOT RESPONSIBLE IT IS! NOVEL APPROACH! ... YOU ARE AWARE THAT THE PROSECUTION IS ALLEGING SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES MAKING YOUR CLIENT ELIGIBLE FOR THE DEATH PENALTY?"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"WE ARE AWARE YOUR HONOR!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"I TAKE IT THAT YOU PLAN TO SET PRECEDENT BY ENTERING SUCH A PLEA?"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"YOUR HONOR I AM PERFECTLY SATISFIED BEING AN ATTORNEY. ... EVEN THOUGH OBAMA IS IN THE WHITE HOUSE, I FEEL ONE PRESIDENT AT A TIME IS ALL THIS COUNTRY CAN HANDLE ... BUT I AM FLATTERED BY THE SUGGESTION!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"PRECEDENT! ... NOT PRESIDENT! ... YOU IDIOT!"

(The JUDGE shakes her head from side-to-side.)

"LET'S MOVE ON SHALL WE? ... I'LL HEAR OPENING STATEMENTS BECAUSE WE HAVE SUCH AN UNORTHODOX PLEA FROM THE DEFENSE I'M INCLINED TO GRANT BOTH PARTIES A LITTLE BIT MORE LEEWAY IN THIS TRIAL. ... LET'S HEAR THE PROSECUTION'S OPENING STATEMENTS."

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

"THANK YOU YOUR HONOR!"

(Address the members of the court and the jury as well.)

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... WE SHALL PROVE DURING THE COURSE OF THIS TRIAL ...THAT MR. BUBBA STEINBERG BROWN"...

(Points to the defendant.)

"BLUDGEONED TO DEATH HIS GRANDMOTHER ... A ONE MS LILLIE MAE BROWN! ... AND WHAT WAS THE DEFENDANT'S WEAPON OF CHOICE? ...

(The female PROSECUTING ATTORNEY goes over to the table and reaches inside of a bag which just happens to be placed next to the table and pulls out a large cast iron skillet. She shows the cast iron skillet to the members of the court and at the dramatic moment she holds the skillet over her head with two hands.)

"A CAST IRON SKILLET"...

(Without missing a beat she brings the skillet down smashing the table into a million pieces!)

"THAT LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IS WHAT THE FORCE OF A CAST IRON SKILLET OF THIS MAGNITUDE PRODUCED UPON THE FRAGILE SKULL OF THIS HELPLESS GRANDMOTHER! ... WE WILL SHOW THAT ... THE DEFENDANT ... HAS A HISTORY OF VIOLENT CRIMES DATING BACK TO WHEN HE WAS A TEENAGER! ... THIS ... "*ADOLF HITLER WANNA-BE!*" ... ALSO ASSAULTED A ONE T-BONE JOHNSON TO THE POINT THAT A CLOSED CASKET WAS REQUIRED AT HIS FUNERAL!"

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY
(Cont)

(There are gasps from the courtroom.)

"THE CASE WHICH THE STATE WILL PUT FORTH WILL SHOW IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE ... THAT THE DEFENDANT NOT ONLY ACTED WITH MALICE OF FORE THOUGHT. ... BUT ... EVEN AFTER HE HAD COMMITTED THESE VICIOUS ... HORRENDOUS MURDERS, ... CONTINUED TO ... '*GET HIS HIGH ON*'. ... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY ... I ASK YOU ... WHEN WILL ENOUGH ... BE ENOUGH! ... WHEN WILL WE SAY TO CRIMINALS LIKE MR. BROWN ... THAT CRIMES OF THIS MAGNITUDE *WILL NO LONGER BE TOLERATED!* ... I AM ASKING YOU ... MEMBERS OF THE JURY"

(Pointing to various members of the jury.)

TO FIND MR. BROWN GUILTY! ... MR. BROWN HAS SOWED TO ... *THE WINDS' OF VIOLENCE!*I ASK THAT HE RECEIVE *THE WHIRLWIND OF JUSTICE!*"

"THANK YOU!"
JUDGE BETTY MOE

"THE DEFENSE MAY NOW MAKE ITS OPENING STATEMENT."

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(Rising, the DEFENSE ATTORNEY buttons his jacket as he prepares to give his opening statement.)

"IN OUR SOCIETY ... WE ARE MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE RULED BY LAW! ... NOT EMOTIONS! ... NO MATTER HOW

ELOQUENTLY THEY MAY BE SPOKEN! ... NO MATTER HOW PASSIONATELY PRESENTED! ... NEED I REMIND THIS COURTROOM THAT ... *'ADOLF HITLER'* ... ISN'T ON TRIAL HERE TODAY! ... NEITHER IS ... *NAZI GERMANY!* ... THE FACTS THAT WE WILL PRESENT TO YOU ... WILL SHOW THAT MY CLIENT WAS DRIVEN! ... THAT'S RIGHT ... *DRIVEN* ... TO COMMIT CAPITAL MURDER BY AN *INSIDIOUS GOVERNMENTAL CONSPIRACY!* ... BUT A *GOVERNMENTAL CONSPIRACY NONETHELESS!* ... *THIS CONSPIRACY* ALLOWS DRUGS TO FLOW *VIRTUALLY UNIMPEDED* IN URBAN AND MIDDLE CLASS AREAS OF OUR SOCIETY! ARE WE SO CAUGHT UP FIGHTING AL QAEDA ... THAT WE HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT THERE IS A WAR RAGING UPON THE YOUTH OF AMERICA! ... AND IT'S NOT JUST THE YOUTH WHO ARE ADDICTED

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
(Cont.)

ANYMORE. PRESCRIPTION DRUGS ARE RAMPANT IN OUR SOCIETY! WHY?

BECAUSE IT IS OUR OWN GOVERNMENT WHO HAS FAILED TO CONTROL THIS MENACE OF ADDICTION!"

"BY FINDING MY CLIENT GUILTY ... BUT NOT RESPONSIBLE ... AND SETTING HIM FREE. ... YOU WILL SEND THE CLARION WAKE UP CALL THIS SOCIETY AND OUR GOVERNMENT NEEDS TO GET ITS PROVERBIAL ... HOUSE IN ORDER! ... BY FINDING MY CLIENT GUILTY ... BUT NOT RESPONSIBLE ... YOU WILL FORCE OUR GOVERNMENT TO TAKE THE NEEDED STEPS TO ERADIATE THE SURGE OF DRUGS AND DEATH ONCE AND FOR ALL! ... TO ENSURE OUR GOVERNMENT PROVIDES TREATMENT FOR ALL THOSE WHO SEEK IT! ...

UNTIL THAT HAPPENS ... NONE OF US ARE SAFE! ... NOT YOU
... NOT YOUR CHILDREN ... NOT YOUR GRANDCHILDREN! ...
THINK ABOUT IT!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(Speaking to the PROSECUTION ATTORNEY.)

"IS THE STATE READY TO PRESENT ITS FIRST WITNESS?"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Rising from the table.)

"WE ARE YOUR HONOR! ... THE STATE WOULD LIKE TO
CALL ... MR. SAMUEL HAM HOCK."

(HAM HOCK enters the courtroom escorted and stands in
front of the witness stand.)

BAILIFF

"RAISE YOUR RIGHT HAND"....

(HAM HOCK complies.)

"DO YOU PROMISE TO TELL THE TRUTH ... THE WHOLE
TRUTH ... AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH? ... SO HELP YOU
GOD?"

HAM HOCK

"I DO!"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(The PROSECUTION ATTORNEY approaches the witness.)

"COULD YOU PLEASE STATE YOUR NAME FOR THE COURT."

HAM HOCK

"SAMUEL HAM HOCK.

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"THANK YOU ... NOW MR. HOCK ... HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN THE DEFENDANT?"

HAM HOCK

"WE GREW UP TOGETHER ... I'VE KNOW BUBBA EVER SINCE WE WERE KIDS."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"I SEE ... HUM? ... CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE EVENTS IN QUESTION THAT LEAD TO THE TRAGIC DEATHS OF MS LILLE MAE BROWN AND MR. T-BONE JOHNSON?"

HAM HOCK

"WE WERE ALL SITTING AROUND WAITING TO GET OUR BUZZ ON! ... BUBBA WAS WAITING FOR T-BONE"...

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"MR. JOHNSON."

HAM HOCK

"YES ... MR. JOHNSON TO COME BACK WITH SOME MORE STUFF."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"DRUGS?"
HAM HOCK

"THAT'S CORRECT."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"CAN YOU BE A LITTLE MORE SPECIFIC ON WHAT TYPE OF DRUGS YOU ALL WERE USING?"
HAM HOCK

"IT WAS SOME OF EVERYTHING BUBBA WOULD MIX COCAINE ... CRYSTAL ... SMACK ... YOU NAME AND IT WAS PROBABLY IN WHAT WE WERE SMOKING ... IT WAS SOME PRETTY POWERFUL BULL-YA!"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(The PROSECUTION ATTORNEY goes over to the table and retrieves a small bag with a piece of white rock inside.)

"YOUR HONOR, THE STATE WOULD LIKE TO PRESENT *EXHIBIT A* ... FOUND AT THE MURDER SCENE. ... INITIAL TESTS CONFIRM THAT THE SUBSTANCE CONTAINED IN THIS BAG HOLDS THE RESIDUE OF COCAINE ... GHB ... COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE ... DATE-RAPE DRUG CRYSTAL METH ... RAT POISON AND A HERETOFORE UNKNOWN SUBSTANCE PRELIMINARY TESTS ALSO

CONFIRM THAT THE DEFENDANT'S DNA MATCHES THOSE ON
... THE BULL -"

HAM HOCK

"YA! ... BULL YA."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"ON THE ... THE BULL YA! ... NOW MR. HOCK ... DID YOU
WITNESS THE ACTUAL MURDERS TAKE PLACE?"

HAM HOCK

"NO I DID NOT. ... I LEFT BEFORE THAT."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE MR. HOCK?"

HAM HOCK

"OKAY ... I ADMIT I WANTED TO GET MY HIGH ON LIKE
EVERYBODY ELSE THERE THAT NIGHT! ... BUT WHEN BUBBA
... TIPS AND. STRAWBERRY DELIGHT DECIDED TO GO
POSTAL ON GOD"...

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"POSTAL ON GOD? ... CAN YOU EXPLAIN THAT FOR THE
COURT PLEASE?"

HAM HOCK

"LOOK ... I'M NOT TRYING TO BE A RELIGIOUS BIGOT ... I UNDERSTAND EVERYONE HAS A RIGHT ... IN A FREE SOCIETY TO BELIEVE IN A GOD OF THEIR OWN UNDERSTANDING OR NO GOD AT ALL. ... MY FATHER WAS BAPTIST MINISTER. ... I GREW UP BELIEVING IN JESUS CHRIST! ... BUT I DRAW THE LINE AT BLASPHEMY! ... THAT'S WHY I LEFT."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Turning to the DEFENSE.)

"YOUR WITNESS."

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(Arises from the table and straightens out his tie and approaches the witness.)

"NOW HAM ... MAY I CALL YOU HAM? ... YOU LOOK LIKE A HAM ... OR WOULD YOU PREFER *MR. HAM?*"

HAM HOCK

(With an attitude.)

"ITS ... HAM ... *HOCK!* ... YOU CAN REFER TO ME AS ... MR. HOCK ... IF YOU DON'T MIND!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"FINE! ... NOW MR. HOCK ... HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A '*NEGRO CRACK HEAD?*'"

HAM HOCK

(Jumping to his feet.)

"WHAT?"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Standing.)

"OBJECTION YOUR HONOR!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"SUSTAINED!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"I'M SORRY ... I FORGOT THAT NEGRO ISN'T IN VOGUE ANYMORE ... LET ME REPHRASE THE QUESTION. ... HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A ... *BLACK CRACK HEAD?*"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"OBJECTION YOUR HONOR!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"OKAY AFRICAN AMERICAN! ... HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN AN AFRICAN AMERICAN CRACK HEAD MR. HOCK?"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Standing to her feet.)

"YOUR HONOR!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"COUNSELOR ... YOU'RE REALLY PUSHING THE ENVELOPE!"

HAM HOCK

(Catching a real attitude.)

"WHY I GOT TO BE A ... BLACK CRACK HEAD?"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

THAT WILL BE QUITE ENOUGH! ... IN THIS COURTROOM YOU WILL NOT REFER TO ANYONE AS ... BLACK CRACK HEADS ... AFRICAN AMERICAN CRACK HEADS ... WHITE CRACK HEADS ... JEWISH CRACK HEADS OR EVEN ESKIMO CRACK HEADS! ... THEY'RE ALL JUST PLAIN CRACK HEADS! ... YOU GOT ME?"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"YES YOUR HONOR! ... MR. HOCK ... HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A PLAIN BLACK CRACK HEAD?"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"OBJECTION!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"COUNSEL WILL REPHRASE THE QUESTION! ... YOU'RE ABOUT A STEP AWAY FROM CONTEMPT!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"MR. HOCK ... IS IT SAFE TO SAY THAT YOU ARE INDEED A ... STRUNG OUT HOPELESS DRUG ADDICT?"

HAM HOCK

"I ... I"...

(Becoming a bit unglued.)

"I'M IN RECOVERY."

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"RECOVERY? ... OH COME ON! ... ISN'T IT TRUE ... MR. HOCK ... THAT YOU USED MORE DRUGS THAT EVENING THAN EDDIE VAN HALEN DID IN HIS ENTIRE LIFE TIME!"

HAM HOCK

(Yelling back...)

"NOBODY IN THE WORLD HAS EVER USED MORE DRUGS THAN EDDIE VAN HALEN!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"OH SO WHITNEY AND BOBBY DON'T COUNT?"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"YOUR HONOR!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"ISN'T IT TRUE THAT ... *YOU* ... WERE THE ONE WHO ... *SOLELY* ... SUPPLIED ... ALL THE DRUGS THAT AFTERNOON? ... AND THAT IT WAS ... *YOU* ... WHO WERE CALLING THE SHOTS THAT AFTERNOON AND THAT IT WAS *YOU* WHO GAVE THE MONEY TO MR. T-BONE TO ... SCORE YOU SOME MORE ... *CHEBBA?*"

HAM HOCK

"BULL-YA!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"OH ... EXCUSE ME! ... *BULL-YA!* ... AND ISN'T IT A FACT THAT YOU STATED YOU WERE GOING TO LEAVE BECAUSE THEY HAD RUN OUT OF DOPE ... AND YOU TOLD THEM BY THE TIME YOU GOT BACK THEY HAD BETTER HAVE COPEDE SOME MORE ... *BULL -YA* ... OR THERE WAS GOING TO BE HELL TO PAY! ... ISN'T THAT THE TRUTH MR. HOCK?"

HAM HOCK

(Pounding his fist on the rail.)

"THAT'S A LIE! ... THAT'S A GOT DAMN LIE! ... BUBBA WAS THE ONE WHO WAS SUPPLYING THE DRUGS! ... BUBBA WAS THE SHOT CALLER! ... NOT ME! ... THEY WERE BLASPHEMING THE NAME OF JESUS! ... THEY WERE TELLING FILTHY STUPID BIBLE JOKES! ... I TOLD THEM THAT THEY HAD BETTER STOP ... AND WHEN THEY REFUSED TO STOP ... I LEFT ... BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO HELL FOR ANYTHING OR ANYBODY!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"BECAUSE YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO HELL? ... MR. HOCK ... HOW OFTEN DO YOU TALK TO JESUS?

HAM HOCK

I TALKED TO MY LORD THIS MORNING...
DEFENSE ATTORNEY

YOU TALKED TO GOD THIS MORNING?

HAM HOCK

THAT'S RIGHT!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

WERE YOU HIGH THIS MORNING?

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

YOUR HONOR!
DEFENSE ATTORNEY

YOUR HONOR THE WITNESS FRAME OF MIND IS
GERMANE TO THIS CASE NOT ONLY IN THE NIGHT IN
QUESTION... BUT NOW!

JUDGE BETTY MO

OVER RULED! ... I AM GOING TO ALLOW THIS LINE OF
QUESTIONING ... BUT COUNSELOR YOU HAD BETTER MAKE
YOUR POINT QUICK!

HAM HOCK

I DON'T GET STONED ANYMORE IF THAT IS WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

BUT YOU WERE STONED THAT NIGHT! ... SO HOW CAN YOU BE SURE OF REMEMBERING ANYTHING?

HAM HOCK

THEY WERE TELLING FILTHY BIBLE STORES! ... I REMEMBER THAT!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

DO YOU REMEMBER SUPPLYING ALL OF THE DRUGS THAT EVENING!

HAM HOCK

THAT'S A LIE! ... THIS WAS BUBBA'S GIG! ... HE WAS THE ONE IN CHARGE!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

OKAY ... LET ME SEE IF I GOT THIS RIGHT? ... YOU TALK TO JESUS WHEN YOU ARE HIGH AND YOU TALK TO HIM WHEN YOU ARE SOBER! ...

I FIND IT AMAZING THAT YOU EVEN REMEMBER TALKING TO GOD AT ALL?

HAM HOCK

YOU'RE PUTTING WORDS IN MY MOUTH ... I TOLD YOU I LEFT BECAUSE OF HOW THEY WERE MOCKING GOD! ... I WILL NEVER FORGET THAT!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

YOUR HONOR HOW IN THE WORLD CAN THIS BE A CREDIBLE WITNESS?

HE WAS LOADED ON THE NIGHT IN QUESTION! HE CLAIMS TO HAVE CONVERSATIONS WITH DEAD PEOPLE LIKE JESUS!

HAM HOCK

(Jumping up to his feet he yells out....)

JESUS IS ALIVE! I TELL YOU HE'S ALIVE!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

YEA HE'S ALIVE ALRIGHT! ... IF I WAS SMOKING SOME OF THAT STUFF THAT YOU WERE ... I'D PROBABLY SEE JESUS TOO!

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"ALRIGHT COUNSELOR! ... THAT WILL BE ENOUGH!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I'M THROUGH WITH THIS WITNESS."

HAM HOCK

(HAM HOCK is breaking down emotionally on the stand."
HAM HOCK leaves from the witness stand in tears.)

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"CALL YOUR NEXT WITNESS."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"THE PROSECUTION CALLS DR. BODEEN TO THE STAND."

(DR. BODEEN takes the stand.)

BAILIFF

"DO YOU PROMISE TO TELL THE TRUTH ... THE WHOLE
TRUTH ... AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH ... SO HELP YOU
GOD?"

DR. BODEEN

"I DO!"

(DR. BODEEN takes his seat on the stand as the
PROSECUTION ATTORNEY examines the witness.)

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"PLEASE STATE YOUR FULL NAME FOR THE COURT."

DR. BODEEN

"DR. CLAUDINE BODEEN."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"AND WHAT IS YOUR PROFESSION?"

DR. BODEEN

"I SPECIALIZE IN ADDICTION RECOVERY. I'M ALSO A PAID CONSULTANT FOR THE MOOSE LODGE ... AND PRESIDENT EMERITUS."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"I SEE ... AND HOW LONG HAVE YOU HELD THAT POSITION?"

DR. BODEEN

"FOR WELL OVER TEN (10) YEARS."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"OVER A DECADE."

(Looking at some notes.)

"I SEE THAT YOU HOLD IMPECCABLE QUALIFICATIONS. ... HOW DID YOU COME TO KNOW THE DEFENDANT ... MR. BROWN?"

DR. BODEEN

"I MEET BUBBA THROUGH HIS GRANDMOTHER ... MS LILLIE MAE BROWN ... A PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY IF I MAY SAY SO ... SHE WAS HAVING SOME PROBLEMS WITH BUBBA AND CAME TO ME FOR HELP."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"WHAT SORT OF PROBLEMS?"
DR. BODEEN

"BUBBA HAD ... OR RATHER ...*HAS* ... A SERIOUS DRUG AND ALCOHOL PROBLEM."

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(Jumping to his feet.)

"OBJECTION YOUR HONOR! ... WITH ALL DUE RESPECT ... THE DEFENSE IS NOT AWARE OF ANY ... *IMPECCABLE RECOGNIZABLE CREDENTIALS* ... ON BEHALF OF THE WITNESS WHICH WOULD QUALIFY HIM TO GIVE EXPERT TESTIMONY AS TO WHETHER OR NOT THE DEFENDANT HAD OR HAS A DRUG PROBLEM ... I'M SURE EVERYBODY IN THE"...

(DEFENSE ATTORNEY uses two fingers to give emphasis on the word HOOD)

"*HOOD* ... HAS AN OPINION BUT THE STATE DOES NOT RECOGNIZE OPINIONS!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"THIS IS TRUE ... THE STATE DOES NOT IN AND OF ITSELF RECOGNIZE OPINIONS ... BUT IT DOES RECOGNIZE

CONTEMPT ... AND YOUR ... *'IN THE HOOD'* ... COMMENT IS GETTING PRETTY CLOSE COUNSELOR!"

DR. BODEEN

(Turning to the JUDGE BETTY MOE.)

"I'D LIKE TO ANSWER THAT"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(JUDGE BETTY MOE doesn't say a word but just nods.)

DR. BODEEN

"I HAVE AN ASSOCIATE DEGREE FROM COMPTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE"...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(Overly sarcastic and extremely mocking.)

"AN ASSOCIATE DEGREE? ... AND FROM ... UH ... *COMPTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE* ... WELL WITH CREDENTIALS AS IMPECCABLE AS THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEFENDING O. J. SIMPSON IN NEVADA!"

(The DEFENSE ATTORNEY struts and turns to show off to the courtroom.)

DR. BODEEN

"MAY I CONTINUE? ... I MATRICULATED AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY ... WHERE I EARNED MY BACHELORS IN POLITICAL SCIENCE ... I HOLD A MASTERS IN CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGY FROM YALE AND A DOCTORATE IN SUBSTANCE ABUSE AND RELAPSE PREVENTION FROM HARVARD ... I AM ON THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS AT JOHN HOPKINS HOSPITAL. I SERVED AS UNDER SECRETARY OF HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES UNDER PRESIDENT CLINTON! ... OH I ALMOST FORGOT. I'M THE HEAD OF MY SON'S BOY SCOUT TROOP ... TROOP 398."

(There is laughter in the courtroom.)

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(Clearly embarrassed.)

NOBODY LIKES A SMART ALECK! ... NOBODY!"

DR. BODEEN

"IS THAT DEEP ENOUGH IN ... *'THE HOOD'* ... FOR YOU ... *HOMEY?*"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"YOUR HONOR ...

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(Mocking an old slavery lingo.)

"I'S DO' NO' WHA' YA 'TALK'N BOUT? ... YA 'GOT'S TO NO' HOW US PO' FOLK FROM' DE' HOODY CARRIES ON' DON'T YA?"

(The entire court falls out in uncontrollable laughter as even DR. BODEEN and the PROSECUTION ATTORNEY break out. Even BUBBA has to laugh at this one. JUDGE BETTY MOE resumes her regular dialect.)

"I'M SORRY COUNSELOR ... I JUST COULDN'T RESIST THAT ONE! ... I'M AFRAID YOUR OBJECTION IS OVERRULED! ... THIS COURT FINDS THE WITNESS ... *WELL* ... QUALIFIED!"

(Speaking to the PROSECUTION ATTORNEY...)

"YOU MAY CONTINUE."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"THANK YOU YOUR HONOR."

(Turning back to the witness.)

"NOW THAT WE'VE ESTABLISHED YOUR CREDENTIALS ... CAN YOU GO A LITTLE BIT DEEPER INTO THE PROBLEM MS BROWN ... WAS HAVING WITH HER GRANDSON?"

DR. BODEEN

"BUBBA WAS ADDICTED"... "BUBBA COULDN'T KEEP A JOB! ... HIS RELATIONS WITH HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS WERE STRAINED ... HE SERVED PRISON TERMS FOR DRUG RELATED OFFENCES ON MULTIPLE OCCASIONS ... MS BROWN ALSO INFORMED ME THAT ITEMS WERE MISSING FROM AROUND THE HOUSE. ... SHE BROKE DOWN AND

STARTED TO CRY WHEN SHE COULDN'T FIND HER
PARLIAMENT FUNKADELIC.

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

THE P- FUNK?

DR. BODEEN

YES! ... THE P-FUNK!

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

MY GOD! ... "WHAT SORT OF TREATMENT DID YOU
RECOMMEND?"

DR. BODEEN

"I RECOMMENDED AN INTERVENTION! ... A SWIFT AND
DECISIVE INTERVENTION!"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

AND THE RESULTS?

DR. BODEEN

BUBBA ... KNOCKED DOWN EVERYBODY IN THE ROOM
TRYING TO REACH THE FRONT DOOR. ... WHICH HE DID.
THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW MR. BROWN ... UNTIL
TODAY. ... WITHOUT A CHANGE OF HEART I'M AFRAID MR.
BROWN ONLY HAS THREE OPTIONS...

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"WHICH ARE?"

DR. BODEEN

"JAILS ... DEATH ... AND INSTITUTIONS!"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

THANK YOU ... NO FURTHER QUESTIONS.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"SO DR. BODEEN ... YOU STATED THAT MY CLIENT ... MR. BUBBA STEINBERG BROWN ... SUFFERS FROM AN AILMENT KNOW AS ... *ACTIVE ADDICTION* ... IS THAT CORRECT?"

DR. BODEEN

"YES THAT'S CORRECT!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"THEN IF YOU'RE SO GOOOOD! ... WHY ISN'T MY CLIENT CURED!"

(Before the witness has a chance to answer.)

"COULD IT BE THAT YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN A ... *FAKE* ... AND A ... *CHARLATAN!* ... AND THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A ... '*CURE*' ... ISN'T THAT CORRECT? ... DOCTOR -*I HAVE SO MANY DEGREES IT JUST MAKES YOU SICK*- BODEEEEN!"

(The DEFENSE ATTORNEY does a full spin around like he is one of *Gladys Knight and the Pips*.)

DR. BODEEN

"YES ... YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"AH HA! ... SO YOU ADMIT IT!"

DR. BODEEN

(Said with much sarcasm.)

YOU ARE RIGHT ON THE MONEY WHEN YOU STATED THAT THERE IS *NO CURE FOR ADDICTION* ... OR BETTER YET ... *NO KNOWN CURE* ... *SCIENCE MAY ONE DAY ACCOMPLISH THIS* ... *BUT IT HASN'T DONE SO YET!* ... THE DISEASE OF ADDICTION CAN HOWEVER BE ARRESTED!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(Very confrontational.)

"ACCORDING TO THE RECORDS ... MY CLIENT CAME FROM A HIGHLY DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY! ... BOTH OF MY CLIENT'S PARENTS WERE KNOWN USERS. ... THIS PRESUPPOSES MY CLIENT TO A GENETIC PREDISPOSITION TOWARD THE USE OF DRUGS AND ALCOHOL ... DOES IT NOT DOCTOR?"

DR. BODEEN

"GENETICS CAN PLAY A ROLE IN THE ADDICTION PROCESS."

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"LET'S SWITCH GEARS SHALL WE ... COULD YOU CURE
UNDER DOG OF ADDICTION?"

DR. BODEEN

"WHAT?"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(The DEFENSE ATTORNEY sets up a picture of UNDER-
DOG on an easel)

"*UNDER DOG* ... THE CARTOON CHARACTER?"

(Hit the picture with a pointer stick)

... COULD YOU CURE HIM OF ADDICTION?"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"OBJECTION YOUR HONOR! ... IF THE DEFENSE ISN'T GOING TO TAKE THIS CASE SERIOUSLY"...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"YOUR HONOR I JUST ASK THE COURT FOR A LITTLE INDULGENCE ...I PROMISE YOU WON'T REGRET IT."

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(Turning her head off to the side.)

"OH ... I ALREADY DO!"
DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"COME ON DR. BODEEN! ... EVERYBODY AND THEIR BROTHER KNEW UNDER DOG WAS STRUNG OUT! ...

(DEFENSE ATTORNEY flips picture over to show a strung out UNDERDOG)

EVERY CRISIS HE FACED HE WOULD RESORT TO THAT MAGIC PILL HE KEPT IN HIS RING. HE WOULD FLY ALL OVER THE PLACE ONCE HE TOOK THAT PILL FROM HIS RING! ... I ASK YOU AGAIN DR. ... COULD YOU OR COULD YOU NOT CURE UNDER DOG OF HIS ADDICTION?

DR. BODEEN

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN SMOKING? ... BUT I NEED TO BRING YOU INTO REALITY! ... THOSE ARE CARTOON CHARACTERS ... NOT REAL PEOPLE!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS THAT YOU ONLY TREAT REAL PEOPLE ?

DR. BODEEN

YES THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING ... I ONLY TREAT REAL PEOPLE!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

SOUNDS LIKE A CASE OF REVERSE DISCRIMINATION TO ME!

DR. BODEEN

SAY WHAT?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(Yelling.)

AH HA! SO YOU ADMIT IT! YOU DON'T MIND HELPING PEOPLE WITH ADDICTION ISSUES AS LONG AS THEY ARE PEOPLE! BUT IF A CARTOON CHARACTER GET'S STRUNG OUT! HE'S JUST PLAIN OUT OF LUCK!

(Getting all up in the witness's face)

THE TRUTH IS ... *CARTOON CHARACTERS FACE DISCRIMINATION!* ... JUST LIKE ... *THE BLACK MAN ...* FACES DISCRIMINATION! ... AND IF MY CLIENT WERE A *BLACK CARTOON CHARACTER!* ... HE WOULD FACE... *BAM!*

(Banging his hand down on the witness stand)

A DOUBLE WHAMMY! ... WHY? ... CAUSE A BLACK MAN AND A BLACK CARTOON CHARACTER JUST CAN'T CATCH A BREAK IN AMERICA! ... NO FURTHER QUESTIONS YOUR HONOR!

(For a good five seconds the entire courtroom is in shock and everyone just has their mouths wide open! As DR. BODEEN leaves the witness stand he is asked one more question by the DEFENSE ATTORNEY.)

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(JUDGE BETTY MOE takes off her glasses and shakes her head from side to side. All twelve jury members still have their mouths wide open.)

"ALRIGHTY THEN! ... I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANYONE ELSE ... BUT I NEED A BREAK! ... COURT IS ADJOURNED FOR RECESS. ... EVERYONE IS TO BE BACK IN FIFTEEN (15) MINUTES."

(JUDGE BETTY MOE brings down her gavel and the court is adjourned.)

End ACT II

Scene I

Close curtains

ACT II

SCENE: II

TIME: Fifteen minutes later.

SETTING: Back at the courthouse. Everyone is seated as the bailiff announces the arrival of JUDGE BETTY MOE back to the bench.

Begin dialogue:
BAILIFF

“ALL RISE! ... COURT IS IN SESSION! ... HONORABLE JUDGE BETTY MOE IS BACK ON THE BENCH.”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(JUDGE BETTY MOE enters the courtroom and is seated on the bench.)

BAILIFF

“YOU MAY BE SEATED.”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

“I FEEL IT’S NECESSARY TO ASK THE DEFENDANT IF YOU ARE SATISFIED WITH THE LEVEL OF REPRESENTATION YOU’RE CURRENTLY RECEIVING.”

BUBBA

(BUBBA stands to his feet and addresses JUDGE BETTY MOE.)

“SO WHAT YOU’RE SAYING IS THAT A ... *BLACK MAN* ... CAN’T CHOOSE A PROPER ATTORNEY? ... IS THAT WHAT

YOU'RE SAYING?"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(Hanging her head down.)

"MY GOD! ... THEY ARE TWO PEAS IN A POT? ... O-K-A-Y ... SINCE THE DEFENDANT IS SATISFIED WITH HIS LEGAL COUNSEL"...

(JUDGE BETTY MOE mumbles...)

"DOES THE STATE HAVE ANY FURTHER WITNESS THEY WOULD LIKE TO CALL?"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"BEING THAT THE FACTS OF THIS CASE ARE NOT IN DISPUTE ... THE STATE FEELS NO NEED TO CALL ANY FURTHER WITNESSES. ... WE REST AT THIS TIME YOUR HONOR!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(Flipping through some papers.)

"ALRIGHT ... IS THE DEFENSE READY TO PRESENT IT'S CASE?"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"THE DEFENSE IS READY."

JUDGE BETTY MOE

“GOOD! ... I WANT TO GET SOMETHING STRAIGHT ... THIS IS NOT A THREE RING CIRCUS! ... THIS IS A COURT OF LAW! ... I’M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR ANY FOOLISHNESS! ... NOW I’M GIVING BOTH SIDES FAIR WARNING ... ARE WE STRAIGHT?”

DEFENSE AND PROSECUTION
(In Unison)

"STRAIGHT!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"ALRIGHT! ... CALL YOUR FIRST WITNESS!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

“THE DEFENSE CALLS MR. PICKLE E. D. TIPS DICK TO THE STAND.”

BAILIFF

(PICKLE TIPS raises his right hand.)

“DO YOU PROMISE TO TELL THE TRUTH? ... THE WHOLE TRUTH? ... AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH? ”

PICKLE TIPS

“I DO!”

BAILIFF

“THE WITNESS MAY BE SEATED!”

(PICKLE TIPS takes his seat.)

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

“PLEASE STATE YOUR FULL LEGAL NAME?”

PICKLE TIPS

PICKLE E. D. TIPS.”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

I TAKE IT ... ‘TIPS’ ... IS YOUR PARENTS LAST NAME?

PICKLE TIPS

NO IT’S FRANSWORTH.

JUDGE BETTY MOE

FRANSWORTH? ... THEN WHERE IN THE WORLD DID PICKLE E. D. TIPS COME FROM? ... WERE YOUR PARENTS ON DRUGS BOY?”

PICKLE TIPS

“YES! ... YES THEY WERE!”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

“THAT’S THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES ANY SENSE! ... GO AHEAD COUNSELOR WITH YOUR WITNESS”

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

NOW MR. TIPS ... CAN YOU PLEASE STATE YOUR
OCCUPATION FOR THE COURT?"

PICKLE TIPS

"I'M A ... *EATER* ... BY TRADE."

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"WHAT'S AN EATER? ...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"MAYBE HE'S A FIRE EATER? ... LIKE THE KIND THEY HAVE
AT THE CARNIVALS."

PICKLE TIPS

"NO! ... I'M A PROFESSIONAL EATER!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"A PROFESSIONAL EATER?"

PICKLE TIPS

"YEAH! ... I'LL EAT ANYTHING I CAN GET MY HANDS ON!
... FROM KIMCHEE TO CHITTERLINGS ... IT DOESN'T MATTER!
... I JUST HAVEN'T FOUND A WAY TO GET PAID FOR IT ... BUT
I'M WORKING ON IT!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

ALRIGHTY THEN ... SO YOU'RE UNEMPLOYED! ...
CONTINUE WITH THE WITNESS.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

NOW MR. ...“TIPS”...

(Turns and looks at JUDGE BETTY MOE.)

“HOW DID YOU COME TO KNOW THE DEFENDANT?”

PICKLE TIPS

“I FIRST MET BUBBA IN SUNDAY SCHOOL ... WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN ... WE WERE ALWAYS HANGING OUT AT THAT DAM CHURCH.”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Standing up to object.)

“YOU’RE HONOR IS THIS LANGUAGE REALLY NECESSARY?”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"THE WITNESS WILL SHOW A LITTLE MORE DECORUM."

PICKLE TIPS

“OOOPS!”

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

“SO YOU AND THE DEFENDANT USED TO GO TO CHURCH TOGETHER?”

PICKLE TIPS

“YES WE WENT TO THE SAME DAM CHURCH!”

JUDGE BETTY MOE
(Bringing down her gavel.)

“ALRIGHT ... I TIRED TO WARN YOU ... BUT SINCE YOU WANT TO CONTINUE TO DISRESPECT THIS COURT”...

PICKLE TIPS

“YOU THINK NO! ... LET ME EXPLAIN YOUR HONOR ... YOU SEE BUBBA AND I GREW UP IN A LITTLE TOWN ... 30 MILES SOUTH OF RALEIGH. THE TOWN WAS ABOUT TO GO UNDER ... BEING THAT THEY BUILT THIS NEW MALL IN RALEIGH ... OUR SISTER CITY ... ABOUT TWENTY (30) MILES DOWN THE ROAD. ... PEOPLE STOPPED DOING BUSINESS WITH OUR TOWN AND WENT TO RALEIGH”...

JUDGE BETTY MOE

“YOU TOLD US THAT PART ALREADY.”

PICKLE TIPS

“OUR TOWN HAD TO COME UP WITH A NEW WAY TO DRAW VISITORS AND GENERATE REVENUE ... WELL THE MAYOR WAS THE FIRST COUSIN OF THE GOVERNOR”...

JUDGE BETTY MOE

“YOUR POINT MR. TIPS.”

PICKLE TIPS

“THE GOVERNOR ANNOUNCED THAT THE STATE WAS GOING TO TAKE BIDS ON A NEW DAM PROJECT ... TO

GENERATE MORE ELECTRICITY ... ALL THE TOWNS WERE
COMPETING FOR THE NEW DAM TO BE BUILT NEAR THEM ...
SO THE MAYOR CALLED A TOWN MEETING ... AND
EVERYONE AGREED."

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"AGREED TO WHAT?"

PICKLE TIPS

"AGREED TO INFORM THE GOVERNOR THAT IF HE WOULD
BUILD THE DAM IN OUR TOWN WE WOULD CHANGE OUR
NAME FROM CLOVERS VILLE TO"...

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"DON'T TELL ME"...

PICKLE TIPS

"YEP! ... YOU GUESSED IT! ... WE OFFICIALLY BECAME ...
THE DAM TOWN! ... WE HAD A ... *DAM SCHOOL!* ... *A DAM*
PARK! ... AND OF COURSE ... *A DAM CHURCH!* ... MAMMA
USED TO SAY WE HAD A ... *GOT-DAM MAYOR!* ... WHO HAD A
SCREW LOOSE ... FOR RENAMING THE TOWN! ... BUT
PEOPLE CAME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO SEE ... *THE*
DAM TOWN!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(Exasperated.)

"NOW I'VE HEARD IT ALL!"

(JUDGE BETTY MOE drops her head down on the bench and covers her head with her hands. She delivers the next line with her head still down on the bench while her hands still covers her head. She addresses the BAILIFF)

“OSCAR”...
BAILIFF

“YOU TALKING TO ME?”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

“IS THEIR ANOTHER OSCAR JORDAN IN THE
COURTROOM?”

BAILIFF

“NO?”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(Raises her head briefly.)

“THEN I MUST BE TALKING TO YOU?”

(Plops her head back down.)

“OSCAR ... I NEED YOU TO GO INTO MY CHAMBERS AND
LOOK IN THE TOP LEFT HAND DRAWER AND YOU ARE GOING
TO FIND A SMALL BOTTLE WITH SOME PINK PILLS ... I WANT
YOU TO BRING ME THOSE PILLS AND A TALL GLASS OF
WATER.”

BAILIFF

(Said in a kind of whisper.)

“YOUR HONOR ... DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT THIS IS A TIME TO GET STRUNG OUT ON DRUGS! ... I KNOW YOUR JOB IS STRESSFUL ... BUT ...

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(If JUDGE BETTY MOE was pregnant she would go into labor! She simply becomes unglued as she raises her head.)

“WHAT? ... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT? ... BUT FOR YOUR INFORMATION IT'S THAT TIME OF THE MONTH!

BAILIFF
KWANZA?

JUDGE BETTY MOE

NO YOU IDIOT! ... IT'S THE TIME WHEN A WOMAN HAS HER MONTHLY! ... DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A WOMAN'S MONTHLY?

(Before the BAILIFF has a chance to answer.)

WELL DO YOU?”

(A little *Clint Eastwood* flair.)

PUNK!

(Before the BAILIFF has a chance to answer.)

LADY IN COURTROOM

(Stands up from the gallery.)

IT'S MY MONTHLY RIGHT NOW JUDGE! ... I FEEL LIKE SHOOTING SOMETHING... ANYTHING! ... TALIBAN! THEM BASTARDS ON WALL STREET! ... ANYTHING MALE THAT MOVES!"

LADIES IN COURTROOM

(There is a roar of support from the females in the courtroom. The courtroom goes absolutely bonkers! Every single female in the courtroom stands up and starts to cheer! Even the females in the juror stand. Different women chant together in unison!)

"I KNOW THAT'S RIGHT!"

"SHO NUFF!"

"TELL THE TRUTH AND SHAME THE DEVIL!"

" SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT NOW!"

BAILIFF

(The BAILIFF backs down in outright fright as he stutters and agrees to get the menstrual relief pills.)

“ALRIGHT JUDGE! ...AH”...I’LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH THE PILLS!

JUDGE BETTY MOE

DEFENSE ... I BELIEVE YOU WERE QUESTIONING YOUR WITNESS? ... PROCEED PLEASE!”

(Every male in the courtroom is frozen in shocked disbelief with their mouths wide open including the DEFENSE ATTORNEY.)

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(Like nothing ever happened.)

“SO YOU AND THE DEFENDANT USED TO GO TO THE SAME CHURCH TOGETHER ... IS THAT CORRECT?”

PICKLE TIPS

OH ALL THE TIME. ... I NEVER GET ENOUGH OF THE WORD!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

ON THE NIGHT IN QUESTION ... DESCRIBE THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS FOR THE COURT.”

PICKLE TIPS

“IT’S LIKE I SAID ... WE WERE OVER AT BUBBA’S HOUSE HAVING BIBLE STUDY AND SINGING ONE OF MY FAVORITE GOSPEL TUNES.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

AMAZING GRACE?

PICKLE TIPS

NO ... I'VE GOT HOE'S IN DIFFERENT AREA CODES!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I'VE GOT HOE'S IN DIFFERENT AREA CODES! ... NO
DOUBT ONE OF THE ALL TIME GOSPEL HITS!

PICKLE TIPS

(Turning to the JUDGE)

WOULD YOU LIKE FOR ME TO SING A FEW BARS FOR THE
COURT YOUR HONOR?

JUDGE BETTY MOE

THAT'S NOT NECESSARY ...

(JUDGE BETTY MOE just shakes her head from side to
side.)

BUT THANK YOU FOR THE OFFER. ... COUNSELOR
PROCEED.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

PLEASE CONTINUE MR. TIPS.

PICKLE TIPS

THE DOOR BELL RANG ... IT WAS HAM HOCK ... HE WAS ALREADY STONED! ... HE SAID HE STOLE SOME OLD LADY'S PURSE AND THAT SHE HAD A BUNCH OF MONEY WHICH HE USED TO BUY ALL THIS DOPE ... HAM HOCK PULLED OUT DRUGS FROM EVERYWHERE ... OXYCONTIN ... SPEED BALLS ... HEROIN ... CRYSTAL METH ... GHB ... ECSTASY! ... HE EVEN PULLED OUT SOME GLUE!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(Looking around the courtroom.)

GLUE?"

PICKLE TIPS

"*ELMER'S!* ... THE ONE WITH THE COW ON THE LABEL!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"*ELMER'S!* ... THE ONE WITH THE COW ON THE LABEL ... SOME PEOPLE HAVE NO SHAME?"

PICKLE TIPS

(PICKLE TIPS stands up in the witness box and points to HAM HOCK!)

“HE DID IT! ... HE’S THE ONE RESPONSIBLE! ... HE’S A MEDIAN DRUG CARTEL ALL BY HIMSELF! ... WE CAME TO HAVE BIBLE STUDY ... BUT HE MUST HAVE USED HYPNOSIS! ... HE PUT US ALL IN A HYPNOTIC SPELL ... CAUSE THE NEXT THING I KNEW ... I HAD COCAINE GOING UP MY NOSE! ... I CAME TO STUDY THE BIBLE! ... NOT CATCH A BUZZ! THEN HE PUT ON THIS MUSIC ... AND MADE EVERYBODY START TO DANCE!”

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

“HE PUT ON MUSIC AND MADE EVERYBODY START TO DANCE”...

(Looking around the courtroom.)

“MY GOD!”

PICKLE TIPS

(PICKLE TIPS starts to cry)

“IT WAS HORRIBLE! ... HORRIBLE I TELL YOU!”

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

“IT’S OKAY SON ... IT’S OKAY!”

PICKLE TIPS

“BETWEEN THE DRUGS ... THE DANCING ... AND THE MUSIC ... THE MUSIC! ... I CAN’T GET THE MUSIC OUT OF MY

HEAD! ... HAM HOCK SAID HE WAS A BAD BOY! ... AND HE WAS GOING TO TURN US INTO BAD BOYS!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"BAD BOYS? ... CAN YOU ELABORATE FOR THE COURTROOM PLEASE?"

PICKLE TIPS

"HIT IT!"

(This is the cue for the musical interlude. *Bad Boy* by Luther Vandross plays throughout the courtroom as PICKLE TIPS now takes front and center. The DEFENSE ATTORNEY steps aside as PICKLE TIPS comes down from the witness stand and does his thing. This is when the music starts. PICKLE TIPS sings the first line but no one in the courtroom joins in.)



"OH YEAH ...SOU - BAA - DOO - DEE - DEE" ...

(The music comes to a screeching halt. PICKLE TIPS addresses the courtroom.)

"WHAT? ... YA JUST GONNA LEAVE ... A BROTHER HANGING?"

(PICKLE TIPS goes over and grabs a little OLD WHITE LADY who has a walker. He brings her front and center and starts a dialogue with the OLD WHITE LADY.)

"COME ON REPEAT AFTER ME"...

(The OLD WHITE LADY is clearly embarrassed but she gives it a shot.)

"OH YEAH ... SOU - BAA - DOO - DEE - DEE - DEE"

OLD WHITE LADY

(HER voice is weak and cracks as she messes up at first.)

"OH? ... YEAH ... SOU --- BA-BA - WHAT?"

PICKLE TIPS

“OH YEAH! ... SOU – BA – DOO – DEE – DEE – DEE”

OLD WHITE LADY

“YEAH --- OH --- BA – DEE – DEE – SOU ... HU?”

“OH? ... I’M SORRY SONNY ... I CAN’T GET THIS? ... I’M AN OLD LADY!”

PICKLE TIPS

(PICKLE TIPS lowers his head while everyone in the courtroom says...)

EVERYONE IN COURTROOM

“AAHHHH?”

LITTLE BOY

(A LITTLE BOY shouts out from the courtroom...)

“COME ON GRANDMA! ... YOU CAN DO IT! ... YOU CAN DO IT GRANDMA!”



OLD WHITE LADY

(All of a sudden the OLD WHITE LADY is transformed into a soul singing machine. She has one hand on the walker while her other hand is snapping her fingers in the air as she starts to prance and strut around but she does this part acapella.)

"OH YEAH! ... SOU - BAA - DOO - DEE - DEE - DEE"

PICKLE TIPS

(Excited that grandma has finally caught on he encourages her as he joins her for the second chorus. The music kicks in.)

"WELL ALRIGHT!"

(PICKLE TIPS and the OLD WHITE LADY now command the center of the courtroom as they move in choreographed action.)

PICKLE TIPS AND OLD WHITE LADY
(In Choreographed Unison.)

"OH YEAHHHH! ... SOU - BA - DOO - DEE - DEE - DEE"

(Now the entire courtroom is evolved and they shout out loud the word well alright!)

ENTIRE COURTROOM

"WELL ALRIGHTTTT!"



PICKLE TIPS AND OLD WHITE LADY

(In Choreographed Unison.)

"SOU - BA - DOO - DEE - DEE - DEE"

(There is mass pandemonium as the entire courtroom is in one party mood. Even the DEFENSE ATTORNEY and PROSECUTION ATTORNEY are getting down. Everyone except JUDGE BETTY MOE who just watches with amazement for awhile.)

ENTIRE COURTROOM

(Yelling and singing out.)

"OH YEAHHHH!"

PICKLE TIPS

(Now leading the revolt as he does his thing while the music is playing.)



*"ROLL BACK THE RUG EVERYBODY
MOVE ALL THE TABLES AND CHAIRS"...*

(The DEFENSE ATTORNEY and PROSECUTION ATTORNEY now move their respective tables out of the way.)

"WE'RE GONNA HAVE US A GOOD TIME TONIGHT!"

*"EVERY TIME THAT WE MEET...
WE SKIP AND WE DIP TO THE BEAT"*



ENTIRE COURTROOM

(Yells out.)

“YEAH ... YEAH!”

PICKLE TIPS



*“WHAT IN THE WORLD COULD BE BETTER...
THAN GETTING TOGETHER”...*

(The OLD LADY is now dancing off to the side while the DEFENSE ATTORNEY and the PROSECUTION ATTORNEY are now flanking PICKLE TIPS one on each side. As both move in choreographed background action.)

*“THE LAST TIME THAT WE HAD A PARTY...
IT ENDED WHEN THE SUN CAME UP”*

ENTIRE COURTROOM

(Yelling out.)

“YEAH! YEAH!”

(Everyone is up and dancing. The jurors and the BAILIFF are dancing! The OLD WHITE LADY is off to the side getting down! The only sane person is JUDGE BETTY MOE who by this time tries to bring her gavel down but is completely ignored.)



PICKLE TIPS

(Goes over to HAM HOCK and starts to do the dance number on HAM HOCK.)



*"THAT'S WHY YOUR MAMA TOLD YOU
THAT YOU COULDN'T GO OUT" ...*

"STAY IN THE HOUSE!"

ENTIRE COURTROOM

"BOY!"

PICKLE TIPS

"SHE'S GONNA BE MAD" ...

"YOU'RE A BAD"

"BOY!"

"AND YOU'VE GOT IT BAD BOY"...

ENTIRE COURTROOM

"BOY!"

PICKLE TIPS

*"SAY GOOD BYE TO YOU'RE FRIENDS...
CAUSE IT'S GONNA BE WHILE TILL YOU SEE THEM
AGAIN!"*

"EVERYBODY SWINGING"...

"DANCING TO THE MUSIC"...



(THE OLD WHITE LADY who has the walker struts in front of everybody as she shakes what she has across the stage with one hand on the walker and the other hand in the air shaking the hand in the air. She does this across the length of the stage.)

"ON THE RADIO - OOO"

"HAVING AN A PARTY" ...

"EVERYBODY SWINGING!"

"DANCING TO THE MUSIC" ...

"ON THE RADIO -O-O-O-O-O-O-O"

ENTIRE COURTROOM

"YOU CAN'T GO!"

(JUDGE BETTY MOE is going crazy as she bangs and bangs her gavel down. Trying to bring some order to this chaos, but she goes unanswered.)

PICKLE TIPS



"EVERYONE'S HERE LET EM ALL IN" ...

"THE CHANDLER DOWNSTAIRS HAS FALLEN!"

*"I KNOW IT'S HARD TO RESIST...
THIS IS THE PARTY NO ONE WANTED TO MISS!"*

"BUT IF YOU DON'T GET HOME ON THE DOUBLE,

BOY ... YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN TROUBLE!"

*"I HOPE YOUR MAMA DON'T LOOK IN YOUR ROOM?
CAUSE IF SHE DOES ... SHE'LL BE HERE SOON!"*

ENTIRE COURTROOM
"BOY!"

PICKLE TIPS

*"SHE'S GOANNA BE MAD!
YOU'RE A BAD" ...*

ENTIRE COURTROOM

"BOY!"

PICKLE TIPS

"YOU'VE GOT IT BAD BOY" ...

ENTIRE COURTROOM

"BOY!"

PICKLE TIPS

*SAY GOOD BYE TO YOUR FRIENDS...
'CAUSE IT'S GOANNA BE A WHILE TILL YOU SEE THEM
AGAIN!"*



*"EVERYBODY SWINGING
DANCING TO THE MUSIC" ...*

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(JUDGE BETTY MOE is simply in shock as she realizes that she has lost total control of her courtroom. In stunned disbelief she watches this courtroom drama like a bunch of people have just lost their minds. She throws her gavel over her shoulder and walks off stage leaving the rest of the courtroom having a good ole time dancing to the music of Luther Van Dross

ENTIRE COURTROOM

*"ON THE RADIO
HAVING A PARTY" ...*

*"EVERYBODY SWINGING
DANCING TO THE MUSIC" ...*



*"ON THE RADIO -O-O-O-O
YOU CAN'T GO!"*

End ACT II

Scene II

Close curtains

ACT II

SCENE: III

TIME: Two minutes later.

SETTING: As the curtains open up again we now find the PROSECUTION ATTORNEY and the DEFENSE ATTORNEY along PICKLE TIPS in stocks. All three are bent over and their hands and head are sticking out facing the audience. JUDGE BETTY MOE is pacing back and forth with her twelve (12) inch ruler in her hand. She is slamming the ruler back and forth in her hand as she continues to pace as she addresses the DEFENSE ATTORNEY, PROSECUTION ATTORNEY and PICKLE TIPS)

Begin dialogue:

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"I WARNED YOU! I SAID ... *BEHAVE YOURSELF(S)!*

(Smacks her hand with ruler.)

"I SAID ...*THIS IS A COURT OF LAW!* I EVEN TOLD YOU"...

(Yelling at the top of her lungs! She stands in front of the DEFENSE ATTORNEY)

IT WAS THAT TIME OF THE MONTH. ... BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO YOU!

(Starts to get very emotional at this point and is on the verge of tears.)

AND TO TOP IF ALL OFF I'M OUT OF SANITARY'S!

DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO GET ORGANIC
SANITARY NAPKINS?"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"NOPE!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

DO YOU KNOW WHY I ONLY USE ORGANIC NAPKINS?"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY?"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"BECAUSE I'M DOING MY PART TO HELP THE PLANET GO
GREEN."

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"THANKS FOR SHARING THAT TIDBIT OF INFORMATION
WITH US!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(JUDGE BETTY MOE gives the DEFENSE ATTORNEY a
whack on the knuckles with her ruler!)

(WACK! ... WACK! ... WACK!)

(Walks over and stands in front of the PROSECUTION ATTORNEY.)

“AND YOU ... *MISS THANG!* ... I HAD EXPECTED MORE OUT OF ... *YOU!*”

A ... WOMAN OF THE COURT ... YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO DISCERN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DANCE FLOOR AND A COURTROOM ... AM I MISSING SOMETHING? ... ARE THERE STROBE LIGHTS SOMEWHERE?”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“NO?”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

“ARE THERE D-J BOOTHS?”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“NO?”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

“THERE ARE NO STROBE LIGHTS! ... THERE IS NO D-J BOOTH! ... WHY IS THAT?”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Scared as a convicted man facing the gallows.)

“BE - BECAUSE THIS ISN'T A DANCE FLOOR?”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(Going to town on the knuckles of the PROSECUTION ATTORNEY.)

“E - ZAC - TOE - MOON - DOO!”

“THEN”...

(WACK!)

“WHY”...

(WACK!)

“ARE YOU”...

(WACK!)

“CARRYING ON LIKE A DANCING FOOL IN MY COURTROOM?”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"BECAUSE I'M A SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED FEMALE WHO WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO GET MY FREAK ON IF YOU PAID ME?"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

“TOO MUCH INFORMATION! ... WAY TOO MUCH INFORMATION! ... YOU NEED MORE HELP THAN I REALIZED! ... AND I'M JUST THE ONE TO GIVE IT TOO YOU!”

(WACK! ... WACK! ... WACK!)

"YOU ALL WANT TO TURN MY COURTROOM INTO ... *DANCING WITH THE STARS!* ... DO YOU SEE ANY STARS ANYWHERE? ... DO YOU SEE ANY JUDGES? ... DO YOU?"

PICKLE TIPS

"NO?"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"OH!"...

(JUDGE BETTY MOE has now moved down the line and has finally gotten to PICKLE TIPS.)

"SO NOW WE COME TO THE RING LEADER!"

(JUDGE BETTY MOE is really hitting her hand several times with the ruler.)

"THE ONE WHO GOT ... *THE PARTY STARTED IN THE FIRST PLACE* ... IT'S MISTER ... *BAD BOY HIMSELF!* ... SO YOU'RE A BAD BOY?"

(JUDGE BETTY MOE whacks his knuckles with her ruler.)

PICKLE TIPS

NOT ANYMORE!

JUDGE BETTY MOE

NO ... I THINK YOU STILL GOT SOME BAD BOY IN YOU! ...
IN FACT I BET YOU STILL WANT TO SNEAK OUT OF WINDOWS
AND GO TO PARTIES ... DO YA?"

(WACK!)

(JUDGE BETTY MOE adds a little sarcasm as she feigns
dancing and snapping her fingers to the beat.)

"HOW DOES IT GO?"



*"THAT'S WHY YOUR MAMA TOLD YOU THAT YOU
COULDN'T GO OUT!
STAY IN THE HOUSE!"*

"BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO STAY IN THE HOUSE ... DO
YOU?"

PICKLE TIPS

Trying to save his life.)

"YES YOUR HONOR! ... I WANT TO STAY IN THE HOUSE!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(WACK!)

"DON'T COME IN MY COURTROOM AND TELL THAT LIE!"

(WACK!)

"COME ON SON ... SING A COUPLE OF LINES FOR ME ...
SING A COUPLE OF LINES FOR THE JUDGE!"

"BOY ... SHE'S GONNA BE MAD"...

(Yelling and screaming.)

"YOUR NOT SINGING! ... YOU WERE SINGING JUST A FEW
MINUTES AGO!"

"YOU'RE A BAD BOY ... AND YOU'VE"...

(Yelling and screaming some more.)

"AND YOU'VE ... WHAT? ... COME ON! ... I SAID SING THE
NEXT LINE!"

(WACK!)

PICKLE TIPS

(Singing with no heart and as soft as he can...)

"AND YOU'VE GOT IT BAD ... BOY!"



JUDGE BETTY MOE

(WACK! ... WACK! ... WACK!)

“AND ... *YOU’VE GOT IT BAD* ... IS RIGHT! ... NOW LET ME TELL YOU ALL SOMETHING! ... YOU DON’T WANT ME TO SHOW YOU WHAT BAD REALLY IS, DO YOU?

DEFENSE-PICKLE TIPS-PROSECUTION
(In Unison)

NO!

JUDGE BETTY MOE

NOW ... I’M GOING TO TAKE MY SEAT ON THE BENCH. ... AM I GOING TO HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT *ANYTHING ELSE* BREAKING OUT ... LIKE MAYBE ... THE FOX TROT? ... OR THE RUMBA? ... YOU ALL LOOK LIKE THE RUMBA TYPE ... NO RUMBA? ... BREAK DANCING? ... NO FREAKY DEAKY?”

(Speaking to the BAILIFF.)

“GO AHEAD OSCAR ... LET THEM GO!”

(THE BAILIFF goes over and lifts the stocks and frees everybody then proceeds to remove the props off stage. But not before the JUDGE gets in one last dig.)

“I SAW YOU GETTING DOWN TOO OSCAR! ... JUDGE BETTY MOE DON’T MISS NOTHING! ... NOTHING! ... I GOT MY EYE ON YOU!”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

“NOW! ... I FEEL MUCH BETTER ... DON’T YOU? ... COUNSELOR ... I BELIEVE YOU WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF QUESTIONING YOUR WITNESS?”

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(Looking around at the rest of the courtroom.)

“NO FURTHER QUESTIONS YOUR HONOR! ... YOUR WITNESS COUNSELOR!”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Rises from the bench as she adjusts her outfit.)

“THANK YOU! ... NOW MR.”...

PICKLE TIPS

“TIPS!”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“YES ... AH ... MR. TIPS ... IS IT YOUR CONTENTION THAT YOU NORMALLY REFRAIN FROM ANY TYPE OF RECREATIONAL DRUG AND ALCOHOL USE ... IS THAT CORRECT?”

PICKLE TIPS

“YES THAT’S CORRECT! ... EXCEPT ON THE NIGHT IN QUESTION ... I’M A DRUG AND ALCOHOL TEETOTALER.”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“A DRUG AND ALCOHOL TEETOTALER ... HUH?”

PICKLE TIPS

“ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CHECK THE RECORD?”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Walks over to her table where she picks up a long sheet of paper. The paper is rolled up like a scroll.)

“YOU KNOW MR. TIPS ... I DID JUST THAT? ...I HAVE YOUR RECORD RIGHT HERE IN MY HANDS?”

PICKLE TIPS
(Yelling.)

“THOSE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE SEALED!”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(With great fanfare the PROSECUTION ATTORNEY unravels the scroll. The scroll unwinds half way across the courtroom.)

“MY! ... MY! ...MY! ... YOU HAVE BEEN A BUSY BEAVER? ... HAVEN'T YOU? ... POSSESSION OF CRACK COCAINE?”

(Look at various parts of the scroll.)

PICKLE TIPS

(Standing up and yelling.)

“THAT WAS NOT MY KILO OF COCAINE! ... I WAS SET UP! ... I WAS SET UP BY A VAST RIGHT WING REPUBLICAN CONSPIRACY! ... THE REPUBLICANS PUT THAT KILO OF COCAINE IN MY BACK PACK!

(Banging his fist on the witness stand.)

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“OH COME ON! ... DO YOU THINK THIS COURTROOM IS FULL OF FOOLS?”

PICKLE TIPS

“YES! ... YES I DO!”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(At this cue everyone in the courtroom turns towards the audience and gives a quick look with the turn of the head for about two (2) seconds then without missing a beat the dialogue resumes.)

"I'M LOOKING AT A RAP SHEET THAT'S LONGER THAN MY ARM!"

(She starts to read the list.)

"AGE SIX (6) ... RUSHED TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM DUE TO AN OVERDOSE OF ALCOHOL POISONING!"

PICKLE TIPS

(Offended and yelling back the interaction at this section is fast and furious!)

"HEY! ... I WAS ONLY SIX (6) ... I HADN'T BUILT UP MY TOLERANCE YET!"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Continuing to read the list.)

"AGE NINE (9) ... SELLING BENNIES AT GRAMMAR SCHOOL!"

PICKLE TIPS

(Forceful in volume and as serious as a heart attack.)

"WE HAD A LOT OF FAT CHICKS AT OUR SCHOOL! ... I WAS HELPING THEM LOSE WEIGHT! ... I WAS DOING THOSE GIRLS A FAVOR! ... NOBODY WANTS TO BANG ... *REALLY ... REALLY ... FAT CHICKS!*"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"AGE FIFTEEN (15) ... YOU WERE ARRESTED AT YOUR CHURCH ... FOR ... OH MY GOD?"

(Reading the list even closer.)

“PUTTING ACID IN THE COMMUNION WINE?”

PICKLE TIPS

(We now have a classic yelling match going on.)

“HE COULDN’T PREACH ANYWAY! ... I WAS JUST TRYING TO GET HIM CLOSER TO GOD!”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“WITH ACID?”

PICKLE TIPS

“IT WORKED FOR *TIMOTHY LEARY*?”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Still going down the list.)

“OH! ... THIS ONE TAKES THE CAKE! ... AGE EIGHTEEN (18) ... KICKED OUT OF THE U. S. NAVY ... FOR”...

(Taking a real close look at the scroll.)

“YOU HAVE *GOT* TO BE KIDDING ME? ... *BLOWING MARIJUANA SMOKE RINGS INTO THE FACE OF DOLPHINS WHILE OUT AT SEA?* ... HAVE YOU NO SHAME MR. TIPS!”

PICKLE TIPS

I WAS GETTING THEM READY FOR SEA WORLD! ... ONCE THOSE DOLPHINS ARE CAPTURED ... THEIR CHANCES OF CATCHING A BUZZ GOES RIGHT DOWN THE DRAIN! ... DO YOU THINK IT WAS A ... FLUKE ... THAT FLIPPER GOT HIS OWN TV SERIES IN THE SIXTIES? ... I'M TELLING YOU"

(Banging his fist on the edge of the witness stand.)

"THAT DOLPHIN HAD AN EDGE!"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"MR. TIPS ... DO YOU REALLY EXPECT THIS COURT TO BELIEVE ... ANYTHING ... YOU HAVE TO SAY REGARDING THE EVENTS WHICH TRANSPIRED THAT NIGHT! ... FROM A MAN WHO SOLD DRUGS TO FLIPPER ... A HERO TO MILLIONS OF AMERICAN CHILDREN !"

PICKLE TIPS

(Yelling and becoming defensive.)

"FLIPPER WAS A PIMP!

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY!

(Yelling back and becoming highly emotional.)

"FLIPPER WAS NOT A PIMP!"

PICKLE TIPS

"FLIPPER WAS PIMPING! ... HE'D GET SEA TURTLES STRUNG OUT ON DRUGS ... THEN FORCE THEM TO TURN TRICKS! ... BUT HE MESSED UP WHEN HE STARTED USING HIS OWN DOPE! ... DAMN DOLPHIN TURNED INTO A JUNKIE!"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Both are engaged in a yelling match.)

"FLIPPER WAS NOT A JUNKIE!"

PICKLE TIPS

"FLIPPER WAS A JUNKIE! ... *THAT DOLPHIN STARTING GETTING HIGH WITH EVERYBODY IN THE OCEAN! ... STING RAYS! ... SHARKS! ... KILLER WHALES! ... DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN KILLER WHALES GET THE MUNCHIES? ... IT ISN'T PRETTY I'LL TELL YOU THAT!*" THE DEA SHUT DOWN HIS TV SHOW ONCE THEY FOUND OUT HE WAS DEALING!

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(On the verge of tears.)

"THAT'S A LIE! ... THAT'S A LIE!"

PICKLE TIPS

"FLIPPER HAD TO START DEALING TO SUPPORT HIS OWN HABIT! ... FLIPPER WAS SELLING TO EVERYBODY IN THE ATLANTIC ... THE PACIFIC! ... AND WHEN THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC GOT TOO HOT, HE STARTED SLINGING IN THE SEA OF GALILEE! ... DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? ... *"FLIPPER WAS DEALING IN THE HOLY LAND!*

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

YOU'RE A SICK MAN MR. TIPS! ... SICK! ... SICK! ... SICK!

PICKLE TIPS

"PIRANHAS DIDN'T START EATING PEOPLE UNTIL THEY MET FLIPPER.?"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

YOUR SUPPORTING EVIDENCE MR. TIPS OF THIS OUTRAGEOUS CHARGE.

PICKLE TIPS

FLIPPER HAD TO LEAVE THE HOLY LAND BECAUSE HE FOUND OUT THAT THE DEA WAS ON TO HIM SO HE HIGH TAILED IT TO SOUTH AMERICA. HE MET A SCHOOL OF PIRANHA AND PROMISED TO COP THEM SOME PRIMO STUFF... BUT FLIPPER NEVER CAME BACK WITH THE DOPE! FLIPPER BURNED THE PIRANHA! THE WHOLE AMAZON RIVER WAS AFTER FLIPPER'S ASS!

...

(Using his hands for dramatic effect.)

JUDGE BETTY MOE
SAY WHAT?

PICKLE TIPS

... WHEN THE PIRANHA REALIZED THEY WEREN'T GOING TO GET HIGH THEY STARTED EATING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT ... INCLUDING A GROUP OF MISSIONARIES SENT FROM BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH!... ONCE THEY GOT A TASTE OF HUMAN FLESH ... THAT WAS ALL SHE WROTE!

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"OKAY ENOUGH ABOUT FLIPPER! ... I CAN SEE THIS IS GETTING US NO WHERE! ... YOU SEEM TO ANSWER FOR EVERYTHING ... DON'T YOU MR. TIPS?"

PICKLE TIPS

"YES! ... YES I DO!"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Turns to catch her breath.)

"ALRIGHT MR. TIPS ... ON TO THE NIGHT IN QUESTION ... YOU STATED YOU WERE OVER BUBBA'S ... MR. BROWNS HOUSE ... FOR BIBLE STUDY ... IS THAT CORRECT?"

PICKLE TIPS

"YES THAT'S CORRECT."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"STUDY THE BIBLE OFTEN? ... MR. TIPS?"

PICKLE TIPS

"EVERY SINGLE CHANCE I GET!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

“OBJECTION! ... RELEVANCE?”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

OVERRULED! ... THE WITNESS STATED THAT HE WAS HAVING BIBLE STUDY AND HAD THEM OFTEN! ... NOW BETWEEN GETTING *FLIPPER SPRUNG AND SUPPLYING ENOUGH DOPE TO GET EVERY SINGLE CREATURE IN THE OCEAN HIGH!* ... NOT TO MENTION ... *PIMPING FAT GIRLS AT SCHOOL?* ... I’M GOING TO ALLOW THIS LINE OF QUESTIONING ... I FOR ONE WANT TO KNOW HOW MUCH THIS MAN ACTUALLY KNOWS ABOUT THE BIBLE.”

(Speaking to the PROSECUTION.)

“YOU MAY CONTINUE.”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“THANK YOU YOUR HONOR ... YOU STATED MR. TIPS THAT YOU STUDY THE BIBLE OFTEN ... CORRECT?”

PICKLE TIPS

“LIKE I SAID ... EVERY CHANCE I GET! ... IN FACT I SLEEP ... BREATH AND EAT THE WORD OF GOD!”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Without missing a beat.)

“AND IF YOU COULD”...

(Getting all up in PICKLE TIPS face with her finger.)

YOU'D SMOKE IT TOO! ... WOULDN'T YOU MR. TIPS!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"OBJECTION!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"LOOK AT THIS POINT I'M ABOUT TO BELIEVE ANYTHING!"

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

"YOUR HONOR!"

JUDGE BETTY MOE

"OH ALRIGHT ... "SUSTAINED!"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"WITHDRAWN ... NOW MR. TIPS ... CAN YOU TELL US
WHAT BOOK OF THE BIBLE YOU WERE STUDYING THAT
NIGHT?"

PICKLE TIPS

(Starting to get all nervous.)

"HUH? ... WHAT? ... BIBLE WHAT?"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"WHAT BOOK OF THE BIBLE WE'RE YOU STUDYING? ...
WAS IT THE OLD OR NEW TESTAMENT?"

PICKLE TIPS

"NEW."

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"WHY WAS IT THE NEW TESTAMENT?"

PICKLE TIPS

"MY GRANDFATHER JUST BOUGHT THAT BIBLE ... SO ALL OF THE BOOKS IN IT ARE NEW ... AS IN NEW TESTAMENT. ... HA! ... THOUGHT YOU COULD OUT SMART ME!"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"SOMEHOW I DON'T BELIEVE THAT'S POSSIBLE? ... ALRIGHT ... MR. TIPS ... CAN YOU AT LEAST TELL THIS COURT WHAT SPECIFIC BOOK OF THE BIBLE YOU WERE STUDYING?"

PICKLE TIPS

"STILL AT IT HUH? ... THE BIBLE IS ONE BOOK. .. OKAY! ... ONE BOOK! ... I WASN'T STUDYING DIFFERENT BOOKS ... I WAS STUDYING THE BIBLE ... WHICH IS ONE BOOK! ... YOU TAKE ME FOR AN IDIOT DON'T YOU?"

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

"YES! ... YES I DO!"

(THE PROSECUTION ATTORNEY tries to rush PICKLE TIPS but the BAILIFF stops her. She wipes her forehead off with a hanky and regains her composure.)

“OKAY ... LET ME TELL YOU HOW THIS WORKS ... THERE ARE MANY DIFFERENT ... ‘BOOKS’ ... IN THE BIBLE. ... YES IT IS ... ‘ONE BOOK’ ... BUT IT IS MADE UP OF SIXTY SIX DIFFERENT ... ‘BOOKS’. ... SOME OF THESE ... ‘BOOKS’... ARE IN THE OLD TESTAMENT ... AND SOME OF THESE ... ‘BOOKS’ ... ARE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT”...

PICKLE TIPS

“OH?”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“RIGHT? ... CAN YOU AT LEAST TELL THIS COURT WHICH BOOK YOU WERE STUDYING ON THE NIGHT IN QUESTION?”

PICKLE TIPS

“SURE! ... PIECE OF CAKE ... AH ... THE BOOK WE WERE STUDYING? ... YEAH ... RIGHT! ... I CAN DO THAT? ... SURE! ... PIECE OF CAKE ... AH THE BOOK WE WERE STUDYING ... YEAH”...

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“AH ... MR. TIPS ... YOU’RE STARTING TO REPEAT YOURSELF”...

PICKLE TIPS

(Still whispering.)

CAN YOU GIVE ME A HINT? ... PLEASE!”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(She heard him but is just being obstinate)

“I’M SORRY ... YOU SEEM TO BE WHISPERING FOR SOME REASON ... YOU WANT ME TO DO WHAT?”

PICKLE TIPS

(Getting really pissed off PICKLE TIPS yells out.)

“CAN YOU GIVE ME A HINT? ... DAM-IT!”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“MY ... MY ... SUCH LANGUAGE FROM ... MR. ... I EAT ... SLEEP ... AND BREATHE THE WORD OF GOD. ... OKAY ... I’M GOING TO BE A GOOD SAMARITAN ... COULD IT HAVE BEEN ... ONE OF THE GOSPELS?”

PICKLE TIPS

(Scared and stuttering.)

“ONE OF THE GOSPELS?”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Frustrated.)

YES! ... ONE OF THE GOSPELS! ... YOU KNOW ... MATTHEW ... MARK ... LUKE ... OR JOHN?”

PICKLE TIPS

(Feigned laughter.)

“OF COURSE ... EENY ... MEENY ... MYNI”...

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“MR. TIPS!”

(Yelling and upset!)

“EENY ... MEENY ... MINY AND MO! ... ARE NOT PART OF SCARED SCRIPTURE! ... THE TRUTH MR. TIPS ... IS THAT YOU DON'T HAVE A CLUE ABOUT ANYTHING OR ANY BOOK IN THE BIBLE ... BECAUSE YOU HAVE BEEN LYING EVER SINCE YOU TOOK THE WITNESS STAND! ... YOU EVEN LIED ON FLIPPER! ... ADMIT IT MR. TIPS ... YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A LIAR! ... ISN'T THAT THE TRUTH?”

PICKLE TIPS

“IF I'M A LIAR ... WHY ARE YOU ASKING ME FOR THE TRUTH?”

(Speaking to his attorney.)

“HEY! ... AREN'T YOU GOING TO OBJECT OR SOMETHING?”

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(The DEFENSE ATTORNEY has been busy looking through the Bible trying to find some books himself. He yells at PICKLE TIPS...)

“GIVE ME A SECOND WILL YA? ... YOUR HONOR MY CLIENT MEANT TO SAY THAT HE WAS STUDYING THE BOOK OF ... AH ... MARK?”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“YOUR HONOR! ... THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY JUST GAVE HIM THE ANSWER! ... WHY DOESN'T HE JUST COME UP HERE AND GIVE HIS TESTIMONY TOO?”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(She is ignoring both the PROSECUTION ATTORNEY and DEFENSE ATTORNEY and is fumbling trying to open a bottle of Midol.)

PICKLE TIPS

“THAT’S THE ONE ...THE BOOK OF”...

(Sticking his chest out in pride.)

MARK ANTHONY!

(Looking around the courtroom as if he just won the lottery.)

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

(Hiding the smile from her face.)

“WE HAVE NO OBJECTION YOUR HONOR ... THE STATE WOULD LIKE TO PROCEED WITH THIS LINE OF QUESTIONING.”

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(Leaning over she rests her head in her hand and say's)

“THANK GOD!”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“YES INDEED! ... THE BOOK OF MARK ANTHONY! ... LET'S SEE ... MATTHEW ... MARK ... MARK ANTHONY ... LUKE ... AND JOHN. ... ONE OF THE”

(With great sarcasm.)

“*SYNOPTIC* GOSPELS!”

PICKLE TIPS

“YEAH ... THAT'S RIGHT! ... ONE OF THEM HYPNOTIC GOSPELS! ... I TOLD YOU HAM HOCK HYPNOTIZED US!”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“I SEE ... AND DO YOU RECALL WHAT YOU WERE STUDYING?”

PICKLE TIPS

“SOMETHING ABOUT THAT ... *BITCH CLEOPATRA?*”

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

“(Looking around the court room.)”

“SOMETHING ABOUT THAT ... ‘*BITCH CLEOPATRA?*’ ... MY GOD! ... NO FURTHER QUESTIONS!”

PICKLE TIPS

(With a big smile on his face he descends the witness stand and passes in front the DEFENSE ATTORNEY.)

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Yelling at PICKLE TIPS.)

“MARK ANTHONY?”

(Speaking to JUDGE BETTY MOE.)

“YOUR HONOR I WOULD LIKE A MOMENT TO CONFER WITH MY CLIENT”...

(The DEFENSE ATTORNEY goes over to talk to BUBBA they talk for about a minute or so and then he address’ JUDGE BETTY MOE.)

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

YOUR HONOR ... AT THIS TIME THE DEFENSE RESTS.

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(Turning to the PROSECUTION)

AND THE STATE?

PROSECUTION

THE STATE RESTS' YOUR HONOR.

JUDGE BETTY MOE

ALL RIGHT ... AT THIS TIME I WILL HEAR CLOSING ARGUMENTS. ... DEFENSE COUNSEL YOU MAY PROCEED.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

THANK YOU YOUR HONOR. ... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY ... WE ACKNOWLEDGE A CRIME WAS COMMITTED FOR WHICH MY CLIENT NOW FINDS HIMSELF FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE ... YES ... TRAGICALLY TWO LIVES' WERE LOST. ...

BUT WAS THAT THE ONLY CRIME COMMITTED? ... I ASK YOU ... WHERE DO THESE DRUGS COME FROM? ... THERE ARE NO POPPY FIELDS IN NORTH AMERICA? ... WE DON'T GROW COCA LEAVE IN BOSTON, DENVER, LA OR A HUNDRED OTHER AMERICAN CITIES! ... GRANTED ... SOME CHEMICALS CAN BE MANUFACTURED IN OUR HOMES AND GARAGES

BUT THE VAST MAJORITY OF THE CHEMICALS NEEDED COME FROM OTHER COUNTRIES!

ARE WE TO BELIEVE THAT AMERICA CAN PUT A MAN ON THE MOON ... BUT WE CAN'T EVEN SECURE OR OWN BORDERS? ... I AM ASKING YOU ... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY ... TO LOOK AT THE BIGGER PICTURE. ... THE PICTURE OF A GOVERNMENT WHICH HAS FAILED IT'S PEOPLE. ... FAILED IT CITIZENS ...

FOR WHICH IT HAS A SWORN ... MORAL OBLIGATION ... TO PROTECT!

IF OUR POLITICIANS' WOULD DEVOTE HALF AS MUCH ENERGY FIGHTING

ILLEGAL DRUGS AND CORRUPTION AS THEY DO GETTING RE-ELECTED. ... MY CLIENT PROBABLY WOULDN'T BE SITTING HEAR RIGHT NOW!

(Point to BUBBA)

BUT WE CAN CHANGE THAT! ... YOU! ... TODAY! ... CAN CHANGE THE STATUS QUO! ... YOU HAVE TO POWER ... YES THE POWER! ... HOW?

BY RENDERING MY CLIENT ... *GUILTY BUT NOT RESPONSIBLE!* ... AND THEN SETTING HIM FREE! ... YOU WANT TO FIX OUR BROKEN CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM? ... YOU WANT TO MAKE JUSTICE EQUAL FOR ALL ... AND NOT JUST FOR THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD SOME MILLION DOLLAR DREAM TEAM REPRESENTATION?

THAT VERDICT AND THAT VERDICT ALONE! ... WILL SEND SHOCK WAVES ... NOT ONLY THROUGH OUT AMERICA ... BUT THIS VERDICT WILL BE HEARD AROUND THE WORLD! ... ONCE ... MAYBE TWICE IN A GENERATION COMES THIS RARE OPPORTUNITY. DON'T LET THE TRAGIC DEATHS OF MRS.

BROWN AND T-BONE JOHNSON BE FOR NOTHING! ... LET THEIR DEATHS BE A SYMBOL OF A GREATER GOOD! ...

IF YOU EXECUTE MY CLIENT ... NOTHING WILL CHANGE ... NOTHING! ... I ASK YOU ... FIND MR. BUBBA S. BROWN ... GUILTY ... BUT NOT RESPONSIBLE! ... NOT ONLY FOR HIS SAKE ... BUT FOR US ALL!

THANK YOU LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY!

JUDGE BETTY MOE

THE COURT WILL NOW HEAR CLOSING ARGUMENTS FROM THE STATE.

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY

THANK YOU YOUR HONOR. ... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY ... OUR GLORIOUS NATION WAS FOUNDED UPON A SET OF PRINCIPLES.

WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS TO SELF EVIDENT ... THAT ALL MEN WERE CREATED EQUAL. ... ENDOWED WITH CERTAIN INHALABLE RIGHTS ... SUCH AS LIFE ... LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS ... WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A FREE SOCIETY ... A SOCIETY WHERE EACH INDIVIDUAL IS FREE TO MAKE CHOICES LIFE CHANGING CHOICES ... WHERE AN INDIVIDUAL CAN ASPIRE TO REACH THE PINNACLE OF SUCCESS ... (HOWEVER ONE CHOOSES TO DEFINE SUCCESS) ... OR PROBE THE DEPTHS OF DEPRAVITY ... DEBAUCHERY ... VIOLENCE AND LAWLESSNESS!

... IN THE FINAL ANALOGY ... WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE ... THIS CASE ISN'T ABOUT SOME VAST GOVERNMENTAL CONSPIRACY ... TO SUBMIT FORCED INTOXICATION UPON IT'S CITIZENRY ... NO ... THIS CASE IS

ABOUT THE ACTIONS OF ONE MAN ... THE DEFENDANT ...
MR. BUBBA STEINBERG BROWN! ... SITTING RIGHT THERE!

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY
(Cont.)

(Pointing to THE DEFENDANT.)

WHO MADE THE CONSCIOUS DECISION TO NOT ONLY
ENGAGE IN INGESTING ILLEGAL CONTROLLED SUBSTANCES
... AS IS WITNESSED BY HIS EXTENSIVE DRUG ARREST
RECORD ... DATING BACK TO WHEN HE WAS A TEENAGER!
... THIS CASE IS ABOUT THE BRUTAL MURDER OF TWO
PEOPLE! ... TWO PEOPLE WHO ARE NO LONGER AMONG US!
... TWO PEOPLE WHO WILL NEVER SEE ANOTHER
CHRISTMAS ... 4TH OF JULY OR A NEW YEARS EVE
CELEBRATION! ... TWO PEOPLE! ... WHO'S ONLY CRIME WAS
KNOWING THE DEFENDANT. ... SINCE WHEN DO WE GIVE
THE RIGHT OF AN INDIVIDUAL TO PLAY GOD? ... TO DECIDE
WHO SHOULD LIVE AND WHO SHOULD DIE! ... DO YOU
WANT TO MAKE THAT DECISION! OR YOU!

(Pointing to various members of the jury.)

IS OUR SYSTEM PERFECT? ... NO! ... SHOW ME ONE THAT IS? ... DRUGS ARE PREVALENT IN OUR SOCIETY ... WHY? ... BECAUSE THERE IS A DEMAND! ... IF THERE WERE NO DEMAND ... THERE WOULD BE NO SUPPLY! ... IF MR. BROWN WANTED TO MAKE A SOCIAL STATEMENT ... AND EFFECT CHANGE ... THEN HE MUST WORK WITHIN THE FRAME WORK OF THAT SYSTEM. ... EVEN TO THE POINT OF DISSENSION OR CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE ... BUT FOR ANYONE MAN ... WOMAN ... OR CHILD ... TO THINK THAT THEY HAVE THE RIGHT TO BE JUDGE ... JURY ... AND EXECUTIONER SIMPLY DOES NOT EXIST!

(Banging her hand on the table.)

THE STATE SEEKS JUSTICE! ... JUSTICE FOR MRS. BROWN! ... JUSTICE FOR MR. T-BONE JOHNSON. ... JUSTICE! ... JUSTICE! ... WITH ALL OF THE FORCE ... AND WEIGHT OF THE LAW THAT IT CAN POSSIBLY RENDER! ... IF NOT ... OUR SOCIETY ... AS WE KNOW IT ... WILL GO THE WAY OF THE SABER TOOTH TIGER AND THE DINOSAURS ... EXTINCT!

I ASK YOU LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY ... TO DO YOUR DUTY TODAY AND BRING BACK A VERDICT OF ... GUILTY! ... GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE! ... ANYTHING LESS THAT THAT WOULD BE THE GRAVEST INJUSTICE KNOWN TO MANKIND!

THANK YOU.

JUDGE BETTY MOE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY ... YOU HAVE ALL
PREVIOUSLY BEEN INSTRUCTED ... YOU MAY PROCEED WITH
DELIBERATIONS ... THE COURT AWAITS YOUR DECISION.

End ACT II

Scene III

Close Curtains

ACT III

SCENE: I

TIME: Six hours later.

SETTING: Back in the courtroom. Everyone is in place and the jury files in.

JUDGE BETTY MOE

MADAM / MR. FOREMAN ... HAVE YOU RENDERED A VERDICT?

FORMAN/ WOMAN

WE HAVE YOUR HONOR.

JUDGE BETTY MOE

PLEASE GIVE THE VERDICT TO THE BAILIFF.

BAILIFF

(THE BAILIFF goes over to the FOREPERSON and takes the envelope

THE BAILIFF then walks over to JUDGE BETTY MOE and hands her

the envelope. THE JUDGE reads the verdict and hands the note back to

the FOREPERSON. THE DEFENSE AND PROSECUTION are all

standing.)

FOREPERSON

AS FOR COUNT ONE IN THE DEATH OF MR. T- BONE JOHNSON ...

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT ... BUBBA STEINBERG BROWN ... GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE! ... AS FOR COUNT TWO ... WE FIND THE DEFENDANT ... MR. BUBBA STEINBERG BROWN ... GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE! ... WE ALSO FIND THESE CRIMES MERIT SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES QUALIFYING THE DEFENDANT FOR THE DEATH PENALTY.

JUDGE BETTY MOE

(So say you one ... so say you all. The ENTIRE JURY motions in the

Affirmative.)

SINCE BOTH DEFENSE AND PROSECUTION HAVE AGREED TO IMMEDIATE SENTENCING ... I AM PREPARED TO IMPOSE

SENTENCING. ... MR. BROWN DO YOU HAVE ANY LAST REMARKS BEFORE I PASS SENTENCE.

BUBBA

YEAH I DO!

JUDGE BETTY MOE

YOU MAY ADDRESS THE COURT.

BUBBA

YOU THINK BY KILLING ME ... YOU ARE GOING TO CHANGE ANYTHING? ... PEOPLE WILL CONTINUE TO GET HIGH AS LONG AS THE SUN RISES IN THE EAST AND SITS IN THE WEST. ... AM I SORRY THAT MY BITCH GRANDMOTHER AND THAT JACKASS T-BONE ARE DEAD! ... NOT AT ALL!

THEY MESSED WITH MY HIGH! ... I TOLD THEM ... I TRIED TO WARN THEM ... I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN PEOPLE MESS WITH MY HIGH! ... PEOPLE GET HURT ... WHEN THEY MESS WITH MY HIGH!

IF IT WERE UP TO ME ... I'D GET HIGH ... STONED ... LOADED ... EVERY SINGLE DAY OF MY LIFE! ... IN FACT ... I PLAN ON GETTING HIGH WHEN I DIE! ... I'M PRETTY SURE THEY HAVE TO GOOD STUFF IN THE AFTER LIFE ... IF THERE IS AN AFTER LIFE. ... SO BRING IT ON JUDGE. ... IF YOU'RE WAITING ME TO BEG FOR MERCY ... IT AIN'T GOING TO HAPPEN! IN FACT BOTH YOU AND THIS ENTIRE COURTROOM CAN KISS MY BLACK ASS!

JUDGE BETTY MOE

THAT WILL BE ENOUGH MR. BROWN! ... I HAVE SEEN SOME CASES IN MY LIFE ... BUT THIS ONE TAKES THE CAKE! ... YOU HAVE SHOWN ABSOLUTELY NO REMORSE! ... NONE! ... WHATSOEVER! ... YOU ARE A TRAGIC WASTE OF HUMAN EXISTENCE MR. BROWN! ... SOCIETY WOULD BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT THE LIKES OF YOU! IT IS THE JUDGMENT OF THIS COURT THAT YOU BE REMANDED TO THE CALIFORNIA*

(Whatever state the play is in will be the state used.)

CORRECTIONAL FACILITIES AT PELICAN BAY. ... IT IS FURTHER ORDERED THAT YOU BE EXECUTED BY LETHAL INJECTION AT DATE AND TIME TO BE DETERMINED ... GRANTING THE DEFENDANT HIS RIGHT OF APPEAL. ... MR. BROWN IT'S TOO BAD THEY OUTLAWED THE GAS CHAMBER OR CALIFORNIA DOESN'T HAVE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR. ... IN MY OPINION LETHAL INJECTION IS A FAR MORE HUMANE DEATH THAN YOU DESERVE! ... UNLIKE THE ONE YOU BOTH GAVE MRS. BROWN AND MR. JOHNSON.

NOW GET THIS PATHETIC EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN BEING OUT OF MY SIGHT!

BUBBA

(BUBBA is lead out of the courtroom in handcuffs and HIS legs are shackled. Before he is lead off stage he blurts out one more derogatory remark aimed at the courtroom)

I SAID IT ONCE AND I'LL SAY IT AGAIN. ... WHY DON'T ALL YA'LL KISS MY ASS!

JUDGE BETTY MOE

I'M PRETTY SURE WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO BE INCARCERATED AT MR. BROWN ... YOU WILL HAVE PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITY TO HAVE A LOT OF THINGS DONE TO YOUR ... ASS! ... COURT IS ADJOURNED!

(JUDGE BETTY MOE brings down the gavel. All principle players close up as BUBBA is lead away.)

End Act II

End Scene III

Close Curtains.

Epilogue

SCENE Epilogue

TIME: Several years later

SETTING: A few reporters are standing by as a government spokesperson address the group.

SPOKESPERSON

I HAVE A BRIEF ANNOUNCEMENT AFTER WHICH I WILL NOT TAKE ANY QUESTIONS. MR. BROWN WAS EXECUTED BY LETHAL INJECTION LAST NIGHT AT 12:01 MR. BROWN HAD EXHAUSTED ALL APPEALS AND THE U.S. SUPREME COURT REFUSED TO INTERVENE IN THE CASE. MR. BROWNS' LEGAL ATTORNEYS WAS NOT SUCCESSFUL IN THEIR LAND MARK PRECEDENT SETTING DEFENSE OF GUILTY BUT NOT RESPONSIBLE. THAT IS ALL LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

REPORTERS

(Several REPORTERS vie for the SPOKESPERSON attention. All

reporters raise their hands trying to get a few questions in. The

SPOKESPERSON turns and walks away. Finally one REPORTER

shouts out.....)

REPORTER

CAN YOU AT LEAST TELL US MR. BROWN'S LAST WORDS?

SPOKESPERSON

(Upon hearing that question the SPOKESPERSON stops turns around and address the REPORTER.)

MR. BROW'S LAST WORDS WE'RE ... *"ANYBODY GOT A DRINK?"*

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